THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PRAYERS ON THE DEEP.

How the Claddagh Fleet Participates in the Annual Blessing of the Sea.

A Purely Celtic Community.

I have seen as fine regattas as can be got up, but they are boy's play compared to that joyous race with the Claddagh fleet. For were not the poor men's hearts once more full of hope? For years the harvests had been getting worse and worse—ever since the trawlers came into the bay—and the sorrow and want growing harder and harder to bear. "But, sure, God is god; who knows but that He who sailed with other fishermen in their boats, who slept in their midst, who calmed the storm because they were afraid, who took pity on their distress and gave them the miraculous draught of fishes, who chose His greatest apostle from among poor fishermen—who knows but He would, in His love and mercy, take pity on these poor fathers and hear their prayers for sufficient daily bread to enable them to live on and bring up their children in the spot so dear to their hearts?"

The race was over; a fishing ground some miles out was reached; the anchor of the king's boat was cast, and then commenced a march past, not as exciting, but almost prettier in its way, than the race It was strict etiquette that every craft should pass before that in which sat the priest, and as each vessel came flying up she bent and curved and swept round the admiral's, then took up her place in the immense circle that was gradually formed by the boats, and that closed in around until the priest, now bare-headed and wearing his stole, was exactly the centre of the ring of crowded boats, for not a man or boy remained at home that evening. The last craft to come up and make its obeisance was one filled with little children, and this,

"THE BARQUE OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS,"

took up its position so close beside us that our boats touched, and the row of little curly heads and the fresh, innocent young faces completed the beauty of the picture.

When all were in place the king stood up, took off his hat and waved it. In one instant every human being in the fleet was bare-headed and on his knees, and the prayers began. First the rosary and the litany were recited, and, oh! what deep faith and devotion, what earnest, imploring petitions were in the voices and in the gravely attentive faces of those men! The priest, used to touching scenes, could scarcely master his emotion as he sent up fervent prayers for God's blessing on the poor fishermen around him, while the responses of the soft, childish voices beside us mingled sweetly with the men's deep, earnest tones, coming like a chorus over the waters.

The rosary and litany ended, the priest arose from his knees and read the service for the occasion, and, sprinkling the waves three times with holy water, he implored a blessing on them in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

It must indeed have been a cold nature that did not join with whole heart and soul in these prayers. What a picture it was! Every detail of the scene was so striking as to fix itself indelibly on the mind. The day and evening had been dull and the sky overcast, but as the fore most of the fleet were about a mile out to sea, the rest still coming on and on in a continuous stream from the harbor, the clouds across the western sky had parted in one long streak, sending down across the sea and over those sails nearest to the west a flood of that peculiar white, silvery light that sometimes breaks through clouds charged with rain.

THE WHOLE EFFECT WAS EXQUISITE,

and seemed, I hoped, like a good omen; and as the prayers ascended and the blessing was invoked, the flood of brilliant light still remained and formed a luminous background to the circle of dark-sailed boats; lit up the figures of the fishermen kneeling, their hands clasped, some of the bared heads bowed, some raised towards heaven, others with earnest, intent gaze fixed on the priest, beside whom knelt the Claddagh King, with bent head and hands raised to press to his lips the heavy cross of his ancient rosary; it lighted up the row of little faces just appearing over the edge of the boat alongside, while just in the shadow outside the circle lay a big foreign ship, from the deck of which all on board were eagerly watching, evidently bewildered by the sight of this strange and beautiful service in the midst of the waters.

The ceremony ended, a signal from the king told the fleet to return to the harbor, while—escorted, as guard of honor, by some half dozen sail—he took his guests for, as he said, "a stroll around the bay."

As we started a pretty yacht that had been cruising about came up to try its speed. "She thinks she'll race me," said the admiral in a tone of quiet contempt, "but she'll soon give that over," and he settled himself in his easy attitude in the stern, took the tiller between his knees and the ropes in hand, and seemed as if he gave his charger leave to go at its full speed. And sure enough, the yacht soon found something more dignified to do than trying to race the St. Joseph, on board of which was now a merry party. "True," Fadge said in reply to a question, "every boat of them has a blessed name. There's the St. Patrick and the St. Peter, and, to be sure, all the Twelve Apostles but one And our men are good men too—no better; there's not a man in the Claddagh would go to sea without first praying to God and asking His blessing—not one of them! I'm hoping that there's signs of a good harvest, for there were great numbers of sea gulls seen off Blackhead a week ago. Please God, we'll get some fish this year, Father, for the last was a very poor year—the worst we ever had. There were boats went out, many a night, and the men in them hadn't a bit of food to bring out with them; sometimes they were ashamed even to tell the other men that

THEY HAD NOTHING TO EAT,

and they came in the next day, after the cold, long night, without breaking their fast, and without as much as a herring in the nets to get food for them at home. Troth, the trawlers has ruined the bay entirely. Still, with the help of God, this will be a better year."

In the meantime there was much fun and merriment over the intense anxiety of the young Dominican brothers that Peter, the servant, should be sea-sick, while Peter—a pale delicate, but very good humored little man—was equally anxious not to be sea-sick, and vowed manfully that he would not, though evidently not quite sure that the will would be equal to the occasion, and he kept continually calling to King that rain was coming. "There!" (we all got a good dash of spray) "the storm would come before his advice was taken, and we should all be drowned." Peter, like his namesake, was evidently timorous, even when reminded that it did not matter where we went, for had we not His reverence on board, and does not everyone know that no vessel that carries the servant of God can be wrecked?

Stephen, the youngest of the royal princes, a fair lad of about 14 years, intelligent and well mannered, came to sit beside me, entertaining me with a description of the lighthouse, of the various vessels we passed, of the ways of life of the Claddagh boys, of his school, and hopes, and ambitions His ambition, strange to say, was not to be commander of a man-of-war, but to become the Claddagh schoolmaster!

And so we strolled around the wide "Fisherman's Garden," returning, as is etiquette among the people, after the very last boat; and, as I turned away after shaking hands warmly with the kind Claddagh king, I heard him say to the good priest—"I think, Father, that, with the blessing of God, we'll go out to-morrow evening."

I am not ashamed to say that when the fishers sailed next night on their first expedition for the season there was not a poor fisher's wife in all the Claddagh that prayed more earnestly than I prayed to at the Father in heaven might send those anxious families their daily bread; and when, the morning after, the first cry I heard through the streets was "Galway Bay herrings!" my very heart rejoiced.

Our excursion on the bay with the Claddagh king naturally led us to visit the queen in her household, where, as is right and proper, she rules supreme. The Claddagh people may or may not meddle in politics, but they are thorough-going home-rulers; the fishers mind their part of life's business and leave all home matters to their wives. As the men's life only deals with a world which, though a rough and hard and turbulent world enough at times, is yet one that is simple and open and honest in its way, these fishermen are not (or at least so their wives consider) sufficiently accustomed to the cunning twists and turns of the sharks that inhabit land to be a match for the ways of the world ashore; and so the women it is who manage all affairs connected with life on land, and who are universally considered more quick witted and more acutely intelligent than their husbands and brothers. Thus, when we sat in Padge King's little home, and, in the course of conversation, asked for information as to the old customs and present-day ways and manners of the colony, it was principally the good woman and her daughter-in-law, who, clearly and concisely, told us all we wished to know, the king meanwhile standing by, listening attentively, as he leaned against the dresser, nodding his head from time to time, or putting in a word of confirmatory weight, to show that he was keeping a strict account of all said, and that it was correct.

The king's house is no larger than those of his neighbors. A thatched cabin, poor both without and within, but, at least when we saw it, very snug inside, and very neat too, in spite of the narrow space and the quantity of household and other articles to be stowed away on every side; for, along with the ordinary furniture

A FISHERMAN'S COTTAGE

contains a curious medley of articles—fishing nets and tackle and spare oars and seagoing odds and ends of every kind, as well as an assortment of chests in which to store up any extra valuables the owners may possess. Indeed it was a matter of great wonder to me how, with all this miscellaneous collection, such order and neatness could be preserved in the little kitchen, in whose chimney nook I especially admired a curious rough arm chair, hewn, in some American forest, from a single block of wood.

There is at present little, if any, difference between the Claddagh men's dress and that of ordinary fishermen; but seventy years since they wore a distinctive costume which is thus described by Mr. Hardiman: "Three flannel vests, under a fourth of white cotton or dimity, trimmed with tape of the same color; over these a fine blue rug jacket with a standing collar and horn buttons, a blue plush breeches, never tied or buttoned at the knees, blue worsted stockings, a pair of new brogues, a broad-brimmed hat, neither cocked nor slouched, and a red silk handkerchief about his neck, complete the holiday dress of a Claddagh fisherman; at all other times they wear the common jacket and trousers usual with persons of their occupation." The women still dress as they did long ago, in white cap, without riband—the sign before now of one who spoke only Irish—a blue nap cloak, of the form peculiar to the women of the Claddagh and of Connemara, a red kerchief on the head, a plain gown tucked up over a crimson petticoat, and—save on Sundays and holidays—the feet bare. The latter are better, that is, healthier for women who go much into the wet, because shoes and stockings would soak and hold the water, thus constantly exposing the wearer to far worse colds than any she may get from going barefooted.—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

St. Patrick's Church, Nashville.

St. Patrick's church, South Nashville, Tenn., was dedicated last Sunday with imposing ceremonies. President James Killelea, and the Hibernian society, all in regalia, were present by special invitation of the Rev Father Abbott. The church was blessed and dedicated by the Right Rev. Bishop Rademacher. The Very Rev. P J Gleeson, V G., was assistant priest, and Rev. Father Tiepel subdeacon. The Rev. Father Delaney officiated as master of ceremonies. Vicar-General Gleeson, in the absence of the Rev Father Wimsey, who was unavoidably detained, prescued an eloquent, and highly impressive, dedicatory sermon. After the services had come to an end, a banquet was given at Father Abbott's residence to the clergy and many prominent laymen.

IT IS dangerous to temper with irritating liquids and exciting snuffs. Use Ely's Cream Balm, which is safe and pleasant, and is easily applied. It cures the worst cases of catarrh, cold in the head and hay fever, giving relief from the first application. Price 50 cents.

THE OLD "BIANS."

A Graphic Account of the Founder of the System of Conveyance Popular in Ireland for Half a Century.

Death of Mrs. Bianconi.

Many readers of THE CITIZEN will remember the old Bianconi cars—the "Bians" as they were familiarly called—which afforded the people of Connaught, Leinster and Munster their chief public means of locomotion from 1820, or thereabouts, to 1865. Very pleasant "conveniences" they were, the long cars with their outward swinging seats crowded with sociable passengers, their bluff coachmen and the merry guards who added a charm to the summer nights and mornings with their horn-blowing. In distant cottages on moor and rae, and out in the lonely fields far off the public highways, the passing of the mail car was always heralded by this music, as of "the horns of Elf-land faintly blowing," and the time of day was reckoned from its sound. The children wove strange fancies about these unseen chariots of the dusk and dawn, picturing the dew steeped, mysterious world through which they raped, and investing the "Bian" travelers with a romance which was not always theirs. For baskets of fish and ropes of onions and hampers of eggs and fowl were often the "luggage" of these same travellers, bound with their wares for neighboring markets.

Bianconi himself, the founder of this car system, was the son of an Italian silk weaver. The boy was apprenticed at the age of fifteen to one Andrea Faroni, a framer and vendor of cheap pictures, who settled in Dublin in a poor place near Essex Bridge. Young Bianconi's duty was to peddle pictures for his master through the country. He was sent off every Monday with two pounds' worth of this stock and fourpence for pocket money, with instructions to return on Saturday evening. As time wore on and all possible purchasers in the neighborhood of Dublin were exhausted, the lad was provided with a larger supply of pictures and sent off for more extended periods. In this way he travelled as far as Clonmel and Waterford. In the latter places he was received with especial kindness ("the little curly headed Italian boy" was hospitably received everywhere, however) and when his term of apprenticeship was expired and he had got a pack of his own he confined his journeyings to the regions between and around these two towns. He could now speak English fairly, and his ambition awaking, he was not content until he had set up a little shop in Carrick as gilder and framer. From Carrick he removed to Waterford, where, as he ever after owned, the excellent friendships he made formed an enduring impression for the better on him. Edward Rice, the founder of the Christian Brothers' Schools, Dr. O'Finan, a professor of St. John's College, and Rev. Thos. Murphy, its president, were the friends whose influence set him in the path which he never afterwards forsook. An honorable ambition to be an important man in the community, an unfaltering loyalty to the old faith, were added to the love he had felt from the very beginning for his new home and its people.

From Waterford he went to Clonmel, where he opened a more commodious shop and it was while here that an old idea of his peddling days revived in him. Often in those old journeys of his, when drenched and footsore in the thinly inhabited districts, and weary from the weight of his heavy pack, he used to think how much better it would be if there were some cheap means of locomotion between the districts. In his comparative leisure in Clonmel he had time to perceive that the need was a general one. At that time there were stage coaches, of course, but only the rich could afford to pay the necessary fares, and poor people were obliged to travel (where such means were available) by canal boat, an exasperatingly tedious method, or to foot it, thereby losing a great deal of time.

But time was less valuable than money to the Clonmel people in those days, and for nearly a week after his first car (a one horse outside conveyance) was started, hardly a passenger patronized it. Instead of being discouraged, however, Bianconi thought of a little plan. Knowing the relish of the people for a little excitement, he started an opposition car at a cheaper rate. Nobody, not even the drivers themselves knew that the car was his, and as both Jehus were equally zealous, using all the blandishments and arts within their power to prevail the one against the other, and as the cheapness of the fare and the comfort and convenience of the mode of travelling impressed themselves on the people, the two cars were soon in a fine way of business. Bianconi, although provoked enough at the time, always smiled afterwards at the recollection of the evening when the driver of his "own" car rushed excitedly in to him with a triumphant shout that he had "broke the heart o' the big yallah horse under the opposition!" "I raced him in," he roared, "from Moore o' Barns and he'll never travel a step again!" That ended the opposition, but it was comparatively easy now to maintain and extend the work thus begun. Very soon a network of lines connected the principal points in the east, west, and south of Ireland, and the "Bians" became the recognized public means of travel. Arrangements were early made with the government for the conveyance of the mails, and Anthony Trollope, who was for a time connected with the Irish postal system, had many genial reminiscences to relate of adventures on the Bianconi cars with the good natured guards and passengers.

Bianconi himself attended to the minutest details of his immense establishment, and it is remembered in Clonmel that when he was living the life of a landed proprietor and magistrate, he would see to the starting of the cars and the comfort of the passengers. The feed, etc, stable help and everything necessary for each posting station were procured in the neighborhood, and the outlay for these was often very large. He was a liberal man in his methods, but also scrupulously systematic, and his affection for the men who had long been in his employ was a notable feature in his character.

In 1865 the spread of the railways had done away with much of the necessity for the car system, and he sold the rights, stock, etc., to such of his employes as wished to continue the work.

His friendship with O'Connell lasted while that great man lived. Bianconi's only son married the grand-daughter of the Liberator, and his only surviving daughter married Morgan John, O'Connell's nephew.

O Bianconi, more truly than of any one else, it might be said that he became more Irish than the Irish themselves. His sunny nature found that of the people entirely congenial. He even fell into the mellow Munster habits of speech, and his "begora" and "sures" and "yerrahs" which were a trial to his genteel Tipperary wife (she used to exact a fine of fourpence for every one of them he uttered) were never discarded. After many years he visited Italy, but he was homesick there and was restless until he returned to Ireland.

He had much to grieve him in the end. His only son died suddenly while on a trip to London, and Morgan O'Connell, whom he dearly loved, was called away under as sad circumstances. His only male descendant was young John O'Connell, his grandson, and it was a grief to him that there was not one left to carry on his name.

He died about fifteen years ago, at a very advanced age, and the funeral cortege which followed him to his last resting place in the mortuary chapel he had built in Boherlahan, Cloamel, was one of the largest and most representative ever seen in Tipperary. A band of his stalwart old carmen conveyed the coffin on their shoulders the entire distance between his house at Longfield and the little private graveyard, where the departed members of his family lay. His devoted wife, the Irish papers announce, has just been laid beside him. JULIA M. CROTTIE.

A VERY PLEASANT OCCASION.

One of the social events of the week was the silver wedding of Capt. Martin Hayes. The occasion gave the Arapahoe club, a private social association of friends, an excellent opportunity to testify their high regard for their fellow member, Capt. Hayes, and his family. The event took place last Monday evening at the family residence, No. 2445 Wabash avenue, the arrangements being largely controlled by the club above referred to. Capt. and Mrs. Hayes, assisted by their charming daughters, cordially received the guests as they arrived, and the happy couple were showered with congratulations and best wishes for their continued happiness and prosperity. The celebration was of the most enjoyable character, dancing, music and short addresses contributed to the pleasure of the occasion. The presents were numerous, costly, useful and original in design. The chief present was from the Arapahoe club, and consisted of a solid silver tea set, and knives, forks, spoons, etc. A more appropriate, or more elegant, present could not have been suggested. Many other beautiful gifts, all articles for table use, were given and a more imposing display of silver gifts has rarely been exhibited. At midnight the assembly sat down to a sumptuous supper, and the fullest justice was done to the many good things provided. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. John M. Dunphy, Capt. and Mrs. O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. McClure, Mr. and Mrs. James Stinson, Mr. and Mrs. Burke, Capt. William Buckley, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Schubert, Capt. and Mrs. William Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Murray, Capt. and Mrs. John Shea, Mr. and Mrs. William O'Connell, Mr. and Mrs. John McKeough, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. George P. Gilman, Capt. and Mrs. J. A. McDonald, ex Commissioner Hayes and wife, Hon. L. E. McGann, Assessor Cantwell, Assessor Richards, Ald. Roth, W. G. Brennen, Charles Hildreth, Ald. Mahoney, and many others At the 'wee sma' hours of the morning the company returned to their homes, having participated in an event which marks an important epoch in the life of Capt. and Mrs. Martin Hayes and their interesting family.

Good Home Sites.

Mr. Joseph Lennon, the well known real estate dealer, whose offices are at No. 607 Tacoma Building, and at the corner of Cottage Grove avenue and Seventy-first street, has recently purchased the tract of territory bounded on the north by Eightieth street, on the south by Eighty-third street, on the east by Ellis avenue, and on the west by Cottage Grove avenue, comprising 170 first-class building lots, all within easy reach of transportation by both street car and railroad. The new electric railway, running from South Chicago to connect with the Cottage Grove avenue cable at Seventy ninth street, will soon be completed, and will offer increased facilities for travel. The lots will be put in the market at once, and will be sold on easy terms on the installment plan. For all who desire the site of a good, convenient home, in a nice locality, this is the time to buy. Apply to Mr, Lennon.

THE CHILDREN'S HEALTH must not be neglected. Colds in the head and snuffles bring on catarrh and lung affections. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied into the nostrils. It also cures catarrh, the worst cases yielding to it.

HOWELLS COPIES NEWMAN.

He Places "What Shall it Profit?" in the Field with "Lead Kindly Light," as a Poem that will Tire Nobody.

Eleanor Kirk on Things in General.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 9.—*Harper's Magazine* for February is a superb number, but the best thing in it, best because most profitable to the soul, is William Dean Howells' poem, called "What Shall It Profit?" This author, so universally popular on both sides of the Atlantic, who has contributed so much to the pleasure of the scholarly, and who has been able to entertain and amuse so many readers, has now written something that will carry help and comfort to many a weary and doubting heart. Here is the poem:

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

If I lay waste and wither up with doubt
The blessed fields of heaven where once my faith
Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
If I deny the things past finding out;
Or if I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the place
Within me where He dwelt in power and grace,
What do I gain, that am myself undone?

Sometimes when I look over my mail of a morning—especially if the morning be dark and stormy—and I come across such questions as these—"Do you think that a woman is to be reckoned a fool because she clings to the God of her childhood?" or "Can it be that science has at last demonstrated that there is no God?" my heart sinks within me, for there is no heartache, no homesickness like that which comes from the loss of one's God. Science can never prove that there is no God. What a pregnant line, "If I deny the things past finding out." And consider the things that are past finding out. Do they not meet us at every point?

There are those who talk very glibly about science, but they are not the scientists. True scientific thought is very modest, and is never expressed until "it commands the unanimous assent of all experts in the subject to which they relate." As Francis Ellingwood Abbott says, "Infallible truths are not for fallible man, and modern science is no more infallible than ancient science; yet science is man's nearest approximation to the absolute truth itself, since it rests on no individual or dubious authority, but on the highest possible authority which the nature of the case permits: namely the universal experience and reason of man kind, voiced in the unanimous consensus of the competent."

The timid and unlearned are too apt to confound the glib tongued scoffer with the man of science. No more fatal mistake could be made. I hope my friends who are unhappy because of doubt and the feeling that the greatest minds in the world are on the side of no God, will commit Howells' beautiful poem to memory, and when assailed by "foes without and foes within" they will immediately call it to mind, and so receive the comfort that will certainly be theirs.

There are not many days in the week that I am not requested to recommend some medium or clairvoyant. I wish my friends would not ask for such assistance. While I believe that our friends who have gone on are still living, still vitally interested in our happiness and improvement, I do not believe that their advice as to our affairs—even provided it were possible for them to give it—would be any more valuable than if they were with us in the body. The fact is we have all got to work out our own salvation. I have seen so much harm result from the consultation of mediums—so called—so many wives made suspicious of their husbands and vice versa, so many innocent persons accused of crime, so much hard earned money dropped into the pockets of frauds, that I can only say, don't do it. It is in the stillness and sacredness of home that we may be helped and inspired by our loved ones, and not in the house of the stranger at so much a sitting. I do not say that there are not many honest and powerful mediums, but I do say there are many impostors, and with this warning I dismiss the subject.

To those who have asked me about the dress goods called Armadale Zephyrs, I can only say that they are exquisite in style, coloring and finish, and will wash. These fabrics are useful for home dresses, and lend themselves very prettily to tea gown effects. The Armadale Zephyrs will lead the market this year in thin, economical, tasteful and valuable goods.

In a recent communication I asked those of my readers who had copying to give out to send it if possible to Miss C A. Cooke, Bay Point, Me. In a letter recently received from this young lady—and by the way most beautifully typewritten—she says, "One thing I wish to speak of. Two years ago I copied 800 pages for Prof.—— of —— College, being a copy of all his letters abroad during a four years' residence abroad. Then he had the leaves bound, making a valuable book. Is it not likely that you may know some one who would wish such work done, or who has papers belonging to some dead friend, that they would like copied if they could be sure that great care would be used, and their privacy respected?"

If my friends have any such delicate work that they would like to have done, or any other kind of copying. I can cordially recommend Miss Cooke. This young lady pays for the registration of MSS and thinks it only fair to work for somewhat lower rates on account of the extra trouble of sending so far away from home. ELEANOR KIRK.

POPE HENNESSY'S ANTICS.

[*Dublin Freeman, Jan. 27.*]

We have a telling illustration today, in a letter from Mr. Davitt, of the confusion which would follow any successful attempt to depose Mr. Parnell from the Irish leadership. Mr. Davitt supported the election of Sir John Pope Hennessy for North Kilkenny. He threw himself into the fight with even more than his ordinary earnestness, and his work at Castlecomer and elsewhere would give color to the belief that personal as well as political feeling spurred him in his exertions to defeat Mr. Parnell's nominee. Mr. Davitt and his temporary companions succeeded in returning Sir John Pope Hennessy. Sir John's first act in the house of commons was to publicly shake hands, in full view of Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. Sexton, and the rest, with the whole row of coercion ministers on the government bench. It amounted to a demonstration. But it was as nothing when compared with his second performance. This was to walk into the Tory lobby on the very first division in which he took part, and vote against the whole Irish party on a Home Rule question raised by Mr. Campbell-Bannerman. Sir John did this notwithstanding the open and, we believe, somewhat comical efforts of Dr. Tanner, acting for Mr. Justin McCarthy, to explain to him that he was going wrong. He shook off the Doctor, and went wrong, contumaciously and floutingly, in the face of Mr. McCarthy and all his North Kilkenny allies, who had been telling the electors of that constituency that, if they did not return Sir John, Home Rule was lost.

We are not surprised that Mr. Davitt has been "twitted." In fact we should not wonder if he were "badgered." At all events he has been drawn. His apology does more credit to his ingenuousness than to his ingeniousness. He says that he regarded the fight as not one between the two "accidents," as he is politely pleased to call Scully and Hennessy, but "between Mr. Parnell and the National movement." Well, we hope he is satisfied with his victory, the first use *his* "accident" makes of which is to flagrantly turn his back upon the principles of the National movement, upon Mr. Davitt's allies and fellows in the fight, and to give the lie to the promises Mr. Davitt and they made for him all over the platforms and dead walls and presbyteries and chapels of North Kilkenny. Mr. Davitt now repents, for he says that Sir John Pope Hennessy or any one who has behaved as he has, should be called upon to resign his seat. But the repentance comes too late. The harm is done. Sir John Pope Hennessy dined on Saturday last with Lord Ashbourne, and the head of the legalized coercion in Ireland, and among the company was Lord Morris, the ex chief justice, whose allusions to Mr. Davitt from the bench have always been so marked by that good taste, refinement, and judicial tone for which the Spiddal life-peer has been pre eminently distinguished ever since his promotion to the bench from the recordership of Galway. We read in the fashionable chronicles of yesterday that "Lord Norton entertained the United States minister, the Earl of Belmore, Earl and Countess Waldegrave, Lord Ashbourne, Lord and Lady Morris, Sir John Pope Hennessy, and Mr. and Mrs. Dugdale at dinnar, at his home in Eaton place, on Saturday evening." Probably his witty lordship had the benefit of some biting *morceaux* from the dry little ex-governor of Hong Kong, retailing the work the poor ex political prisoner did for him among the miners of Castlecomer. How the two sneering "pals" of the good old Tory days chuckled over the walnuts and the wine anent the strange company Sir John Pope Hennessy found himself in at Kilkenny!

What a pleasant reflection it is for all concerned, priests and people, from Bishop Brownrigg down—and for none more than for poor Michael Davitt! He wanted to start a labor candidate. He might as well have started a hare. He calls upon Hennessy to retire. Poor Michael Canute Davitt! Call upon the tide to retire, the grave to give up its dead, a tombstone to tell the truth. "J'y suis et j'y reste," chortles Carleton Club Johnnie. But it was Parnell selected him, we hear Mr. Davitt reply. It was McCarthy, Davitt & Company, Limited, returned him, is the answer, and if he had been returned by Parnell does anyone believe that he would dare to vote against his chief in the house of commons? He would think twice or three times before flouting Mr. Parnell as he has airily flouted old Mr. McCarthy. Mr. Parnell applied the test to him, and, finding him a mutineer at heart, he dismissed him from his side as promptly as Sir John himself rebelled against Mr. McCarthy and the leadership of Nine. What will they do with him? Will they court-martial him? It is far more likely that Sir John will give them a taste of his colonial quality, and drum head them! As for poor Mr. Davitt and his labor candidate "fad," he may make confusion worse confounded; but to restore chaos into order we believe that every honest man (if they would only confess their thoughts) has by this time arrived at the opinion that there is only one man who can do that, and he is Charles Stewart Parnell!

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THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PURSUIT.

A short time found Redmond, with Luke for driver, speeding swiftly on his way to the metropolis.

On the journey he learned much from his companion of what had happened both at Seamore and Inch during his absence, and the news did not serve to appease the haste and impatience that possessed him. He now saw in a clearer light than ever the evil intention that possessed the baronet in his regard. It seemed as if a cloud had previously overshadowed his understanding, as if a web of mist had been drawn over his eyes through which he could see nothing.

But it had departed now, and he looked back on the past with a clearness and a light which revealed all to him thoroughly. But the more he understood the more his anxiety to get forward increased.

Dusk found them at Arklow. Here there was no change of horses to be had. Previous comers, together with the necessary change for the mail, had bereft them of the available stud.

"Previous comers—who were they?"

"Two ladies and a gentleman, proceeding with all speed to Dublin."

"Two ladies and a gentleman," said Redmond, turning in dismay to Luke, who nodded his head in intelligent sympathy. "The gentleman, now—what was he like?"

"Gentleman," innkeeper thinks, "was about five and-thirty years of age or thereabouts, tall, well dressed, fashionable, and spoke with an English accent."

"Mortimer!" ejaculated Redmond, glancing again at Luke, who again intimated his assent by a nod.

"The ladies—what sort were they?"

Inkeeper could not say—they were so closely muffled up. "It was after dusk, too," innkeeper explains, "and there was but little light to see them with. They did not even leave the carriage, they were in such haste."

"Heavens! how often people rush unconsciously to their own undoing!" said Redmond, giving utterance to the thought that struck him.

"They were not rushing or going to Dublin," inkeeper says, mistaking his words; "they spoke of Seamore."

"Just as I said, Luke," said Redmond aghast. "Mortimer and the girls. No person else."

"He was not with them leaving," said Luke; "they were coming by themselves. Was the gentleman with the ladies when they arrived?" This of the innkeeper.

Innkeeper thinks so; nay, more, is sure of it. Saw them come up, in fact, in a handsome carriage with two horses: but the latter dead beat and worn after a furious drive.

"He was to go by the mail, Luke says. 'He must have waited for the young ladies and get into their carriage on the way."

"Good heavens, Luke, they may be—nay, are—in Dublin by this time, whilst we are waiting here. What shall we do?"

Innkeepor thinks they must wait until a change of horses can be provided; which they most reluctantly do—most reluctantly, for Redmond is possessed by the belief that the soldiers may be on his track. They had come at such furious pace that pursuers, if such they were, would be left far behind. But delay here might give them time to come up.

Gold can at all times work wonders, Redmond's purse was in speedy requisition, and with such *largesse* as innkeeper had never seen before given for posting fare, he was induced to make greater efforts to provide the necessary steeds. And with success.

Even so, however, some time must elapse before the horses can be provided—which period seems to Redmond an age. His mind is tortured with inpatience—with thoughts of what may be taking place in the city whilst he is constrained to remain in this remote village. But there was no help for it, and the slow-consuming minutes pass on, whilst he, restless and unable even to converse, awaits their ending in a state of feverish unrest.

At last they are on the road.

"Pray Heaven it be not too late," thinks Redmond. "Now, Luke, for the love of Heaven! let the horses go as horses never went before. If we can reach Seamore by nightfall I shall be content."

The blue peaks of the Wicklow hills sentinelling the Irish coast pass them in quick succession as their smoking steeds pace along the highway.

Changes of horses take place; wayside stations, little villages, creep up on their horizon and are left behind them as they pursue their rapid way.

The dusk falls upon them as they pass Dunleary, and night throws her dark pall as they pass into the gates of Seamore, and sweep up to the hall door.

Wearied and tired, and from long sitting scarcely able to stand, Redmond dismounts from his seat and rushes into the hall. The first his eye falls upon is the old housekeeper.

"Cauth! Grannie!"

Her back is to him, but his familiar voice rings in her ears. She turns around.

A cry burst from her lips.

"Redmond, Redmond is it you come back again? Is it yourself that's in it, or ——?"

"It is I myself, Grannie," said Redmond hurriedly, gently disengaging himself from the embraces of the delighted henwoman, who had thrown her arms around him; "but where is Helen?"

"Helen!" said the old woman. "Redmond, asthore, you don't know the way the world has gone here since you left—an' sure it's the light that comes into my old eyes to see you come back again to——"

"I know, I know, Grannie," said Redmond, kindly, but with excessive haste and impatience; "but forgive me—I want to know where is Helen? Tell me at once."

"Helen is in Inch, Redmond, darling; she went there——"

"I know she did," he said, almost thrusting her from him with his impatience; "but she came back last night or this morning. Where is she?"

"Came back! What's amiss with you, Redmond, honey?" cried the old woman, judging from his fierce gestures, uncouth appearance, and rambling words that he was demented. "Sure she is not to come back until May."

"Oh, my God!" said Redmond, clasping his forehead in his hands in the bitterness of his agony, "my worst fears are realized! They are married!"

"Redmond, dear," said the old woman, in pitying sympathy for—as she thought—his mental derangement, "come in and rest yourself. Don't you know you're in Seamore—your old home, an' where we're all glad to see you. God knows, my poor boy, how often I prayed for you to come back safe and sound—from the time the stars came out in the sky until the dawn came over the tree tops—but sure I never thought you'd come back like this. Oh! Redmond ——"

"Grannie," said Redmond, understanding even in his terrified impatience, the thoughts that were running through her mind, "there's nothing wrong with me, but don't worry or interrupt me, for I cannot bear it at present. Helen has come back—come back some time last night or this morning. If she has not come here, she must be married. And if she has, Grannie, it would be better that she were drowned in the Deadman's Bay a thousand times over!"

"Married!" cried Cauth, "married, did you say, Redmond?" as a sudden thought struck her. "Oh! not to Eugene, Redmond—not Eugene—I always knew sorrow and trouble would come of him. I always knew that——"

But Redmond had turned away from her unheedingly, and had passed once more out through the hall door to where Luke was standing with his trap and horses.

"Luke," said he in a hoarse whisper—so full of despair and excitement was his heart—"Luke! she is not here. They must have been married, since they have not come. Heaven protect me! What shall I do? Do you know the Eagle in Eustace street?"

"I do."

"Will your horses take us there without a change?"

"At once?"

"Yes, without a second's delay."

"Hardly. They'd be all the better for a change, Masther Redmond. They've had a long journey an'——"

"Yes, yes, of course; but can they do it?"

"To be sure they will. If they must, they must."

"Then drive me there at once," said Redmond, springing into the trap. "It is the only place where I can find tidings of him. Even if the horses fell dead when you reach, let me down at the door in the shortest time their strength can make it."

Whipping his steeds into a trot, which their previous long drive made them but scantily able to accomplish, they passed once more out through the gates of Seamore, out through the carriage sweep of winding oaks on to the high road, and, as the horses grew warmer, with increasing speed until they got within the circle of the city lamps. Thence by the shortest and quickest ways until the carriage swept down the uneven and ricketty pavement of Eustace street, and stopped opposite the gleaming colored lamps of the Eagle—the latter in all respects unchanged since last he saw it.

The excitement now pervading his frame had rendered him insensible to fatigue, and had much the same effect on his limbs as active exercise would have had. Wherefore he lightly leaped from his seat and entered the hotel.

"Hallo, Barrington," said a gentleman, as he entered, "you're quite a stranger here lately. Have you heard the news this afternoon?"

"What news?" asked Redmond, at once understanding that the question in some way affected him personally. "What news?"

"What news! Why where have you been that you have not heard it?"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ESCAPING.

"Safe at last," whispered a voice, as a hand was laid on the side of the skiff.

"Yes, thank God, at last!"

"Step in quickly—there is no time to be lost!"

"What shall we do with this boat?"

"Let her go adrift."

"Shall we take the oars with us?"

"No. Don't you see there are oars here?"

"All right. Step in, then, in the name of God."

A form from the other boat stepped on the rower's seat of the skiff.

"Here, take this valise. Be quick—there is not a moment to be lost!"

"All right. I have it. Come in. Send the other boat adrift; she may be in our way presently."

As the first of these whispered sentences fell on Eugene' listening ears, something in the voice of the night-farer struck him as familiar. When the conversation continued this familiarity grew stronger, until with the force of an electric shock the recognition flashed upon him!

With a cry of joy he raised himself from his prone position.

But his sudden appearance had an unexpected effect upon the strangers.

An exclamation of affright and apprehension burst from them simultaneously, and the bright flash of a naked cutlass swiftly drawn, fell upon Eugene's eyes in a twinkling.

"It is I, François! It is I!" Eugene cried, as he threw himself upon the uplifted right arm of the other.

"Who is this—Who knows me?" was the surprised exclamation that followed.

"Who are you? Hold a moment, MacNevin!—do not fire! Who are you?"

"I am Eugene, François. Don't you know me?"

"Mon Dieu! it cannot be—yes, it is—Eugene! Eugene Lefebre! In the name of all that's wonderful," whispered François in utter and bewildered astonishment "what do you here?"

"Escaping," whispered Eugene in return, withdrawing his hold of the arm that held the cutlass.

"Philip — Philip! Here—come here quickly! Was there ever such a meeting as this?" called in a low, but emphatic voice, François to the third party, who, having pushed out in his boat a little from the skiff, was looking with intense dismay at this most unexpected *recontre*.

The party addressed, somewhat reassured, pulled in until the two boats lay alongside.

"Do you know who this is, Philip?"

"No. Who?"

"Eugene—Eugene Lefebre."

"What! our fellow traveler on the Albatross."

"The same!" cried Eugene, in frantic delight.

"Where did you come from, M. Lefebree?" asked the captain hurriedly. "Have you dropped from the skies, or risen out of the water, or come from the grave?"

"I am escaping. I have swum from the hulks," said Eugene.

"So are we," whispered François, "though we have not come from the hulks. And there is not a moment to be lost. Discovery may come at any moment."

"Yes, at any moment," urged Philip. "Liberty or life may hang on an instant of time."

"Eugene," said François, "what shall be done? This skiff will only hold three—two to work and one to steer. I have it. I shall return in the boat, and you three sail at once—make your escape while there is yet time."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Philip emphatically. "I shall return in the boat, and you three leave—and leave at once."

"Philip," persisted François, "it is I that shall return. You will be more needed and more useful on the way."

"Certainly not. There is not time for discussing the matter. *You* must go and *I* shall return," said Philip emphatically, pushing away his boat. "Good bye all! Good bye, Mr. Lefebre! We shall meet in happier times. Don't lose a moment in putting yourself beyond the pier-head. For God's sake make haste! Good bye!"

The speaker, taking the oar in his hand, soon disappeared noiselessly in the distance, and the night shut him out from view.

"He speaks aright," said François. "Help me, Eugene, to spread the sail. There! Take the tiller. You are handier than we. Now! There—we are under weigh. Turn her head to the harbor mouth. The breeze will aid us. Heaven sent it. Now! she is gliding easily. Not a word—but dead silence!"

The skiff, as he said, glided easily along. The three took their seats; and silently as a phantom bark the little boat sped through the gloom. Not a word was spoken, scarcely a breath was breathed, as with vigilant eyes they passed out—the pier-head rising frowningly above them in the darkness.

Out into the open sea, where the breeze grew stronger—out, shooting like an arrow, into the Channel, where the fog lifted and the long reach of swelling waves became visible.

On—and on—and on: every moment leaving the shore behind them, and the wide waste of visible water growing continuously larger. On and on, until an exclamation from François—the first that broke the silence—drew attention, and he pointed to where in the east a rift in the night-clouds on the verge of the horizon showed the first faint approach of dawn.

"Glory to God! who has led me thus far!" was the heartfelt prayer that burst from Eugene's swelling heart, as the dim light, beginning to spread about like a faint whiteness, showed no sail near.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Smuainte Broin.

LE CROIBHIN AOIBHIN, B'L'A'CLIATH.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

IV

Acht feuch! to 'n ghealach ag eirighe 's ag reubudh na neultadh trom,
Ag leathnugh' a soluis go h-eudrom air eudan na machaireadh lom,
Agus feicim faoi dheire sean-bhaillidh na d-tigheadh bhi leagbtha annso—
Na d-tigheadh gan gabloa gan tairseach,—gan cailin, gan buaile, gan bo;
O'n carraig 'nn a bh fuil me mo shuidhe air, is leir dam anois e an gleann,
Mar ni i duine eile acht me ann, na aon neach o cheann go dti ceann,
Na aon rud acht ba agus caoirighe—ins an ait a raibh daoine fad o.
An naosg aonranach a sgreadadh, agus mise liom fein ins a ceo.

V

Acht amhlaidh a's thainic an ghealach ag briseadh amach air an speir,
Ag sgapadh sgalleadh na h-oidhche, 's na neultadh uile go leir,
Ag ruagadh sgalleadh na h-oidhche, 'gus ag ruagadh smuid agus ceo
Ag soilsiugh' air chnoc agus sliabh, air fheur agus inbhear na m-bo—
O amhlaidh a's lasann an ghealach air an bealach ta fuar agus bocht,
Creidim go lasfaidh an Soairse air an daoirse 'na bh-fuilmid anocht,
Creidim go reubfaidh si sgaile an bhais ann a bh-fuilmid anois,
A's go cluinfear go gairid thar saile, ar ngartha luathghaireach aris.

VI

Acht, O! ni h-e comhradh na caint e, na caoineadh, na labhairt le beul
A thogfas dorchdas na tire, a sgapfas an sgaile 's an neul;
Ni ceol agus rannta na m-bard e, na fualm na n-oraid a ta binn,
Ni gol e, ni guidhe e, ni caoineadh, na breugadh nios mise 'na sin;
Acht obair na lamh ata laidir ag na daoinibh gan eagla 'na g-croide
Nach deachaidh air ais, a's nach rachaidh o'n cogadh 'nn a bh-fuilmid choidhch'.
Na daoine a sheasfas 'sa m-bearna, nach dearna a's nach deurfaidh aon breug,
Na daoine nach feidir a sganrugh' le bagairt le plaigh, 'na le h-eug.

VII

Acht a Thighhearna! ca rithid mo smuainte? Siad neimh-nidh a thanic am cheann,
Ca feicfimid daoine mar iad san? ni'l duine air shliabh na air gleann;
Ata siad dibirte caithte amach uainn, sgrosta air eudan an domhain,
Nil lurg a g-cos air an t-sliabh, ni'l lurg a m-bad eir an abhainn;
Agus ta me am aonar me fein ann, ta mo longsa gan seol a's gan sdiur
Ag tabhairt m' aghaidh air fhad-imtheached go tiorthaibh strainseuracha, fuar;
B fheidir a bh-fagaim dem' chairdibh, 'nuair fiid me, nach beidh siad beo,
Sa 'n teanga so ta me ag labhairt, nach labhairfead aris i go deal

[*Translation by O'Donovan Rossa.*]

Sorrowful Thoughts.

BY CRAOIBHIN AOBHIN, DUBLIN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

IV

But, see! there the bright moon is rising and tearing asunder the clouds,
And spreading its light on the meadows so mantled with desolate shrouds,
And beneath it I see the old village, with the homes of the people all razed—
No gables, no doorsteads, no children; no cows in the bawn where they gazed.
From the rock upon which I am sitting, how woful the look of the glen;
With no human creature but me, from one end to the other, therein;
The sheep and the cows where the men were; the lone snipe starts up from its nest,
And screeches aloud to the heavens, while I'm here alone in the mist.

V

But like as appeareth the bright moon, breaking through darkness with light,
Scattering the clouds in its way, and scattering the shadows of night,
Chasing the shadows of night, and chasing the mist and the fog,
Casting light upon mountain and hill, upon pastures and meadow and bog;
O, like as illumines the moonlight the land that is stricken with blight,
So, shortly will Freedom illumine the Slavery that shrouds us tonight;
Will tear from a nation of people the death-pall that mantles the strong,
And our laughter, o'er joyous again, will be heard beyond sea before long.

VI

But, oh, 'tisn't speeching, nor talking, nor bawling, nor blatherumskite,
Will lift from our land its darkness—will scatter the clouds of night;
Nor the music, nor songs of the poets, nor the orators' power in "the hall,"
Nor crying, nor praying, nor moaning, nor lying—the sweetest of all;
But the work of the hands that are strong, and the hearts that are strangers to fear,
That never deserted the fight, and that never were found in the rear—
The heroes who stand in the gap, neither speaking nor acting the lie;
The men who're not frightened by threats, who are ready to dare and to die.

VII

But whither, O Lord! ran my thoughts now? What fooligh things come to my mind!
Whereabout can you see such a people? None in mountain or glen can you find;
They are exiled—cast out from among us—scattered the world all over—
No track of their step on the mountain, no trace of their skiff on the river.
And I all alone by myself here, my ship without steer or mainstay,
Giving countenance to emigration—to cold stranger lands far away.
My friends will be dead, very likely, if once more I revisit this shore,
And the language I'm speaking at present will be spoken again—nevermore!

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

BURTON—At Annacrery House, Enniskerry, Jan. 19, Mervyn F. Burton.

CULLEN—At 22 Main street, Bray, Jan. 17, Peter, only son of the late Patrick Cullen, of Teetample, county Wicklow.

DONOHOE—At Loretto Abbey, Rathfarnham, Jan 18, Alice (Sister Mary J. Monica), daughter of Mr. J. Donohoe, Abbey House, Enniscorthy, in the 24th year of her age and the fifth of her religious life.

DRURY—At The Crescent, Boyle, county Roscommon, Jan. 17, Hugh Drury, aged 70 years.

MCCAMPHILL—At her residence, No. 6 Castle road, Dundalk, Jan. 18, Mary McCamphill.

QUIRKE—At Bolton street, Clonmel, Jan. 18, Catherine, relict of the late Thos. Quirke, aged 84

WHITE—At Finglas, Jan. 18, Nicholas White, aged 50, for many years drummer of the Finglas band, who only survived his brother John fourteen days.

BARRY—At 3 Lime street, Dublin, Mrs. Elizabeth Barry.

ENNIS—At Garadice, county Meath, Jan. 21, James Ennis, aged 74.

FARRELL—At Mandistown, Ardee, Jan. 23, Margaret, relict of the late Patrick Farrell, Kilnemanagh, Tallaght.

GLEESON—At her residence, Vicar street, Tuam, Jan. 16, Mary Jane, wife of Michael Gleeson, and youngest daughter of the late John Corcoran, Lombard street, Galway.

KEELY—At his residence, No. 9 Lower Mountjoy place, Dublin, Jan. 20, John Keely, formerly the faithful servant for thirty-seven years of the late Cardinal Cullen.

KINSELLA—At Rathellen, on Jan. 21, Michael Kinsella, brother of the late Patrick Kinsella.

MITCHEL—At Abbeyyard, Newry, Jan. 22, William Haslett Mitchel, youngest son of the late Rev. John Mitchel, of Newry.

POWELL—At his residence, Curralee, county Tipperary, Jan. 22, Henry Powell.

REDMOND—At her residence, No. 1 Irishtown road, Dublin, Jan. 21, Mrs. Mary Redmond.

BARKER—At James' street, Drogheda, Jan. 19, Rose Anne Barker, wife of Wm. Barker.

MAGUIRE—At the residence of her father, James Nelson, Carndonagh, Jan. 19, Kate, wife of James Maguire, Her Majesty's customs, London, aged 26.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptivenes of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often aid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS GEN. JOHN A LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Ystes, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

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[*Chicago Morning News.*]

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INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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A RECIPROCITY TREATY

Between This Country and the Brazilian Republic.

IT IS BASED ON THE M'KINLEY BILL.

The Agreement Will Not Go in Force, However, Until the First of Next Year—The Increase of Trade Which Is Expected to Result—Similar Agreements with Cuba and Venezuela Being Negotiated.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 5.—Negotiations which have been pending for some time between this government and Minister Mendonca on behalf of the Brazilian government have resulted in a treaty of reciprocity upon the basis of the McKinley bill, and will shortly be officially proclaimed. The correspondence will probably be sent to congress in a day or two. The Brazilian government being largely dependent upon customs revenue for support could not establish entire free trade with the United States, but under the agreement reached American products, which are now almost excluded from that country, will be admitted upon reciprocal terms, and the provisions of the McKinley bill in reference to Brazilian products such as coffee, tea, sugar and hides become effective, and these articles will go upon the free list. The agreement will go into force on the 1st of January next.

The Importation of Sugar.

Under the provisions of the agreement Brazil reduces her impost charges upon American products of the farm, factory and mine to the extent of about $5,000,000 annually, which is as far as she could go in the present state of her finances. The present annual importation of sugar from Brazil is about 125,000 tons, and it is believed under the stimulous which this reciprocity will give that she will this year increase her sugar shipments to 200,000 tons, next year to 500,000 tons and that in five years Brazil will be able to furnish all the sugar required in the United States. Some idea of the far-reaching importance of this reciprocal agreement may be gathered from the estimates which have been made of the increased trade which will result. At present the United States pays to Brazil annually about $65,000,000, while it only receives $9,000,000 in return.

Tariff Lowered in Our Favor.

It is expected that in three years Brazil will pay the United States in return for our manufactures and products at least $25,000,000, which amount will be distributed through every section of the country. Not only does Brazil place a great many American articles on its free list, but it has been arranged that on other articles, in the manufacture of which Europe competes with this country, the tariff will be lowered in our favor to an extent which will make it more profitable for Brazilians to import goods from this country than from Europe. This discrimination is to be shown, of course, only to the United States, the tariff on European articles remaining unchanged. It is understood that similar agreements with Cuba and Venezuela are also being negotiated.

IOWA AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The State Making Preparations for the Coming Exposition.

DES MOINES, Iowa, Feb. 9.—The meeting of the Iowa Columbian Commission in this city a few days ago has aroused great interest. The almost unanimous opinion of the commission is that Iowa can hardly hope to compete with her sister states on less than a $250,000 appropriation. In line with this idea the commission directed that there should be a prize of $500 offered to Iowa architects for the best plan of a building for exposition purposes at Chicago, to cost not less than $100,000 and to be composed as nearly as possible of iron and glass in such manner that it could be taken to pieces and removed to the state fair grounds in this city after the world's fair had closed.

Died of Starvation.

SING SING, N. Y., Feb. 9.—Mrs. William Stanton gave birth to a child several days ago and has since died for want of proper care and food. Her husband, who is a pipe moulder, works in a foundry near by. He is a hard drinker and neglected her. She had very little to eat or drink and was in a very exhausted condition. Mrs. Macdonald, a neighbor, called in to see her and found her dead in bed. A doctor was called and he said died she from a complication of diseases brought on by starvation. The child had died and was found buried in the back yard in an old cloth.

Negro Lynching in Mississippi.

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 6.—The Times-Democrat's Greenville, Miss., special reports the lynching by a mob of fifty armed men of Green Jackson, colored, who acknowledged that he was the slayer of N. W. Ward, marshal of the town of Leland, on the night of Jan. 30. The present marshal was on the train conveying Jackson to the Greenville jail for safe keeping when the mob boarded the train, took the prisoner from him and hanged him on the Deer Creek bridge.

No General Strike May 1 Next.

CARBONDALE, Pa., Feb. 6.—In a series of resolutions passed at their semi-annual meeting District assembly 16, Knights of Labor, deny the widely published report that there will be a general strike of anthracite coal miners on May 1, for a reduction of working hours and an increase in wages. The resolutions say that the report emanated from the Federation of Labor.

Depew and the Treasury Portfolio.

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—The Press says: "It is an open secret that the portfolio of the late Mr. Windom has been offered to a distinguished and much talked of citizen of New York, Chauncey M. Depew. It is an also equally open secret that under no circumstances can the aforesaid be induced to accept the complimentary tender."

Anti-Pinkerton Bill.

TOPEKA, Kas., Feb. 9.—The lower house has passed by a practically unanimous vote an anti-Pinkerton bill, which prohibits the employment of armed detectives by any company or corporation while a strike is in progress.

The Same Old Ballot.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Feb. 6.—The legislature met again in joint session Friday and took several ballots for United States senator with the following result: Palmer 101, Oglesby 100, Streeter 3.

TO GET BACK AT REED.

Proposed Action of Democrats at the Adjournment of Congress.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 10.—The announcement is made in the house that a paper is about to be circulated for the signatures of Democratic members, protesting against the adoption of the usual resolution at the close of the session complimenting the speaker upon his stewardship. At the close of every congress it has been the custom to adopt a resolution complimentary to the speaker, but the Democrats as a body and a few Republicans have become so angered over the rulings of the speaker that they threaten to defeat the customary proceedings of the house when the session comes to the hour of closing.

Will Vote Against It.

It is not likely that the Democrats will prepare the protest spoken of, but will content themselves with casting their votes against the resolution which will be proposed by the Republicans. A number of the Democrats are in favor of the protest, however, and announce that if the resolution complimenting Speaker Reed is made very strong they will propose a substitute mildly criticising the rulings of the speaker, with the expectation of receiving the votes of some Republicans who are personally not in accord with Speaker Reed.

Not to Recognize Reed.

Some of the Democrats are in favor of extreme measures of retaliation against Reed. For instance, Whitiug, of Michigan, advises against the election of any man to the speakership of the next house unless he will in advance of his election pledge himself never to recognize Reed upon the floor for any purpose whatever. It is very likely that Mills, of Texas, would cheerfully make this pledge, for he intensely dislikes Reed. It will be remembered that at the opening of the present congress Mills refused to serve upon the committee on rules because Speaker Reed was chairman of it.

THE NATIONAL LEGISLATURE.

The Work of the Solons in Both Houses of Congress.

WASHINGTON CITY, Feb. 10.—In the senate Tuesday house bill to establish the customs district of Tennessee, with a substitute constituting Nashville, Tenn., a port of delivery, was passed and a conference asked. Senate bill to authorize the Minnesota Boom company to construct and operate booms and other structures in certain sloughs of the Mississippi river and to drive and sheer into such booms logs, timber and lumber found in said river was passed. House bill to raise the wages of certain employes in the government printing office was passed with a substitute providing that all night employes be paid 20 per cent. in addition to the amount paid for day labor. A conference on the substitute was asked for. The navy appropriation bill was then taken up.

House Proceedings.

The house Tuesday passed the bill increasing to $100 a month the pension of the widow of Gen. Custer. Leave was granted to the committee on coinage weights and measurs to sit during the sessions of the house. The army and pension appropriation bills were sent to conference. The senate bill was passed for the transfer of army officers on the retired list from the limited to the unlimited list when they attain the age of 64.

A Promised Sensation.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—A special to The Sun from Toronto says: A sensation was caused here Monday by the publication of a rumor from an Ottawa correspondent of a local newspaper to the effect that he had it from high authority that within the next few days men prominent in political affairs will be arrested on the charge of treason; that the evidence on which these arrests will be made are overwhelmingly direct, and that the government is only waiting for minor researches before putting the law in motion. The men prominent in political affairs referred to are supposed, of course, to be the reformers. Little credence is attached to the story here.

A Cure for Hiccoughs.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Feb. 10.—Miss Alice Woodward, of Shelton, who hiccoughed herself to the point of death, despite the efforts of physicians, is now out of danger. In consequence of the publicity given the peculiar case remedies have been coming in from all over the country. Many were tried, and one has proved efficient and has enabled the girl to stop hiccoughing. This remedy was suggested by Frank W. Mack, of the Associated Press, New York. The remedy is nitrate of amyl, a few drops to be inhaled from a handkerchief.

Sent to the Pen for Robbery.

DUBUQUE, Ia., Feb. 10.—The three highwaymen—Williard, Watkins, and Williams—who boldly assaulted and robbed Jacob Handenschild near this city a few weeks ago, were sentenced to ten years in the Anamosa penitentiary and were taken to that institution Monday. The above names were assumed, the real names of the men being Bernard Christian, Samuel Karsh, and Isaac Wappa.

A Politician in Trouble.

EMPORIA, Kan., Feb. 10.—J. A. Smith, a prominent lawyer in this and adjoining counties, a leader of the Union Labor element here, and two years ago its candidate for county attorney, has been arrested in Anthony, Kan., and brought to this city, charged with forging two notes on the First National bank of this city. One note was for $722 and the other for $560. He gave bonds for examination.

Lying at the Point of Death.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 10.—Very Rev. H. A. Stanton, who received his sub-deaconship at the hands of Pope Leo XIII when the latter was bishop in a little town of Italy, and who has since become one of the most learned in the councils of the Catholic church, is lying at the point of death at the pastoral residence of the Church of St. Augustine.

He Once Owned Millions.

LAKE GENEVA, Wis., Feb. 10.—The foreclosure sale of the Central Trust company on the property of John E. Burton, the man who first got possession of the Gogebic mines and at one time owned $5,000,000 worth of mining property, was held here Monday, and the property sold for $126,105.

Beaten to Death by Huns.

LANCASTER, Pa., Feb. 10.—Gilpin Reynolds, a farmer of Sutton township, was assaulted by a party of Hungarians, at Port Deposit, Md., Monday and so badly beaten that it is thougnt he will die.

A GIGANTIC SCHEME.

Combination of Railways in the Northwest.

ALL LINES UNDER ONE MANAGEMENT

Six to Eight Systems and Twenty-Five Thousand Miles of Rails Involved in the Plan—The Consolidation Favored by Jay Gould—The Real Object of His Present Southern Trip Explained—His Relations with Gen. Samuel Thomas.

NEW YORK, Feb. 10.—"Before 1891 has expired all the railroads in the northwest will be operated under a single management." These were the prophetic words of a gentleman who was one of the prime movers in organizing the Western Railroad association, and who took a prominent and active part in the Windsor hotel meetings. The event he predicts, as outlined by him, is the most gigantic railway consolidation that has ever been undertaken. Southwestern consolidation is a bagatelle in comparison. The roads in the northwest include the Northern Pacific, the Canadian Pacific, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the Chicago and Northwestern and the Great Northern.

A Combination of Roads.

"Why even talk of the proposed southwestern agreement," said the gentleman, "when the proposed northwestern agreement is so much more important? Here is a combination of roads that will aggregate upwards of 25,000 miles of rail lines in active operation and to a great extent in competition with each other. Plans for their merging, or practical consolidation, under one management are now nearly completed. It may be that the St. Paul and the Northwestern may first make an independent consolidation. If they do it will only tend to simplify matters. The Burlington, the Great Northern and the Manitoba are already working in the closest relations with each other, so close, in fact, that President Perkins admitted at the Windsor hotel meeting that the Burlington intended to extend its line from Deadwood to connect with the Great Northern."

This would actually reduce the six or eight companies to be considered in the deal to four.

Approve the Plan.

Exactly what the plan is that will bring about such a consolidation this gentleman refused to state, but it has met the approval of all those directly interested in it and little remains to be done except to work out some of its details. With these great systems knitted in a community of interests they would absolutely control the territory of the great and rapidly developing northwest. No other road could possibly enter this section. They could fix rates at a remunerative price, and what is more to the purpose they could maintain them. This group of lines would form the northern arm of the four great systems which Russell Sage said last summer would eventually be formed, and which would finally control the enormous traffic between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts.

Gould and Gen. Thomas.

Gould's cunning hand can be readily discerned in the Northwestern deal. With these great warring elements on closest terms it would be an easy matter to bring the other systems of the country into peace with each other. Mr. Gould is known to have become a large owner of Northern Pacific stock. He holds close relations with Gen. Samuel Thomas, one of the directors and active in the management of the Canadian Pacific railroad, and with Senator Calvin S. Brice, who is largely interested in the Great Northern railway. Both Gen. Thomas and Senator Brice were at its last election also admitted to the directory of the Pacific Mail company, which is a very large factor in the Northwestern railway situation. It is also believed that Mr. Gould came to the relief of Mr. Villard recently when his Northern Pacific holdings were in danger, and so smoothed the way to some extent for carrying out his great combination scheme.

Jay Gould at Work.

In the meantime of course Mr. Gould is busy in the south and southwest with another combination that will in the end form a southern system and transcontinental line. It is supposed that his plans are very similar in both cases, differing only in details, but based on the same general lines. In this connection the suggestion made at the Windsor meetings by C. P. Huntington is interesting. The magnitude of the figures were at first appalling, but this generation is becoming accustomed to vast figures. In brief, the idea was the formation of a gigantic corporation under the laws of some state like Connecticut or New Jersey, where the law of corporation is liberal and elastic, with a capital of $2,000,000,000, or more if necessary.

A Plan Drawn Up.

The railroad companies which are to be brought together in this huge concern were to deposit enough of their stock to give it undisputed control. The original companies were to retain their organizations, but the entire operation of their properties would be managed by the main company. A plan embodying all these features was even drawn up by John J. McCook, in which the proposed name of the vast corporation was given as the "Bankers' Controlling company." It is not entirely certain that some such plan is the one now to be adopted. It has been suggested that the North American company man be utilized for this very purpose, for its charter is broad and liberal enough to operate anything from a pin factory to a continent.

Poisoned the Well.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Feb. 10.—Loren Wolcott, a strange character, 35 years of age, living alone in a hut in the woods, was arrested here on suspicion of poisoning Wirt Wickham's well. Three valuable horses died from drinking the water, and by a mere chance the family escaped. Wolcott was held for examination in default of $5,000 bonds.

Streeter Out of the Race.

SPRINGFIELD, Feb. 10.—The result of the sixty-sixth ballot taken for United States senator was as follows: Palmer 101, Oglesby 100, John P. Steele 3. This leaves Streeter out of the race. One more ballot was taken with the same result and the joint assembly adjourned.

A Watchman Fatally Burned.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 10.—A special from Lewisburg, Pa., says: The Lewisburg Furniture factory was partially destroyed by fire Monday. Jonas Fry, the watchman, was fatally burned. Loss, $18,000; insurance, $9,000.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

It is feared that the cold wave will have an ill effect on the wheat plant, owing to the absence of the protecting snow.

The town of Joana, Java, was wrecked by an earthquake on the 12th of last December; twelve persons were killed and seventeen wounded.

Albert Bateman and Ole Hawkinson, while digging a well near Salt Lake City, Utah, were overcome by gas and expired before being rescued.

Gold has been discovered in paying quantities in Dewell county, Texas.

The Charleston, Ills., postoffice was burglarized and a boy named Eaton confessed that he had helped do the job, and told where the stamps were buried.

Ten thousand shoe makers in Vienna have gone on strike for an increase in wages.

Martin Shaffer was found guilty of murder at Logansport, Ind., and his punishment fixed at fifteen years in prison.

The statement issued by the census department for Alabama's population gives the total as 1,513,017; of this number 830,796 are whites, 681,421 are colored, 750 are Indians, and forty are Chinese.

No Heligolander under 16 years of age is allowed to go to a public house, dancing saloon or theatre.

Dr. Rauch has found six cases of smallpox and eight cases of varioloid in a country family near Girard, Ills.

A pair of Texas cattle horns were found in Scott Bluffs county, Neb., the other day, that measured 5 feet 9 inches from tip to tip.

The Huron National bank of Huron, S. D., which failed some time ago, has resumed business.

In the supreme court of the United States Judge T. W. Brown of Tennessee has gained a case which gives him a fee of $50,000 as per contract entered into at beginning of suit.

The Nebraska house has passed the bill prohibiting the operation of bucket shops in Nebraska.

A collector of idols who died lately in San Francisco had a collection of 500 little deities.

Five hundred applications have been made to the department of the interior at Toronto for the privilege of boring for oil in the Kootenay country.

Receivers were appointed at Hollidaysburg, Pa., for the Hollidaysburg and Gap Iron works, with liabilities of $125,000 and assets of $15,000, and for the Juniata Rolling mills, with liabilities of $140,000 and assets $10,000.

A number of wealthy New York ladies propose to establish a sort of club house which will receive women at all hours of the night and keep them as long as they behave with propriety.

A shop girl was garroted at New York at 6 o'clock on a crowded avenue and robbed of $2 by a man who escaped.

It is now said to be probable that Gladstone will make a public statement soon regarding the assurances given by him to the Irish leaders with reference to home rule.

It is reported that a syndicate of brewers had been formed in Germany to manufacture beer in the United States.

Five gamblers at Findlay, Ohio, were fined from $100 to $500, and their implements, valued at several thousand dollars, were destroyed.

Frank Smith was captured in the act of robbing a barber shop at Burlington, Iowa.

The swimming record for 100 feet was lowered by W. C. Johnson, amateur 100-yard champion, in the Manhattan Athletic club's swimming pool, at New York.

It is now thought that two boys who disappeared from Neenah, Wis., last October and who were supposed to have been drowned in Lake Winnebago, were murdered by fishermen for meddling with nets.

Men with a pack of bloodhounds are scouring about Cordele, Ga., after a negro who shot Marshal B. F. Morris, who attempted to arrest him.

A dividend of 50 cents per share has been declared by the stockholders of the lead trust.

Thirty fishermen who were working on the ice of the Baltic sea, near the village of Riendorf, Wednesday, were driven out to sea by the sudden breaking up of the ice along the coast. The villagers signaled them with fog horns, and with extreme difficulty succeeded in rescuing them.

Dangerous $2 counterfeit bills are in circulation in St. Louis.

John Welch of the firm of Welch & Baker, slate roofers, of Fort Wayne, Ind., was fatally stabbed while quarreling with his son Charley, the latter accidentally inflicting the wound in trying to wrest a knife from his father.

A young son of J. P. Flat, of Leverette, Ills., drove a team across the Illinois Central tracks. The team was killed by a freight train, but the boy escaped.

John G. Backoff, one of the founders of the Republican party and delegate to its first national convention, held in Pittsburg in 1856, died at Pittsburg, aged 83 years.

Tom Debord, a saloon keeper of Creston, Iowa, who recently shot a gambler named Fitzsimmons, was acquitted by a jury. Fitzsimmons is recovering.

An attempt to assassinate C. M. Hollis, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was made Wednesday night. Some unknown person fired at him through his office window, but fortunately missed him.

About 500 squatters in the vicinity of Ashland, Wis., have organized a club for self-protection.

The keel of the first iron ship ever built in Maine was laid Thursday, that of cruiser No. 5 at the Bath ironworks.

Bishop Engle was expelled from the United Brethren church at Abilene, Kan., for "indiscreet financiering." He failed recently with liabilities $50,000 in excess of assets.

W. G. Howells, son of a prominent Missouri attorney, was lodged in jail by United States officers, at St. Louis, charged with robbing a stage in Colorado last August.

A seal-skin coat or robe has been "built" and lined with salite for the duchess of Portland at a cost of 1,000 guineas.

At New Hampton, Iowa, Miss Anna Cords, a fever patient, crushed a fever thermometer in her mouth and was fatally poisoned by the mercury.

The government of Chili has prohibited the export of nitrates.

A bill to pension school teachers was introduced in the Illinois house by Morris, the colored member from Chicago.

Maria Louise, daughter of Col. Elliott F. Shepard, of New York, and William Jay Schieffelin have been married.

The German emperor has ordered a census of the unemployed in Berlin. Policemen walk from house to house in all but the strictly aristocratic parts of the city noting cases and also the reasons for their being out of work.

The Pullman car shops and a row of dwellings at St. Louis were destroyed by fire, involving a loss of $150,000.

Frank Davis was sentenced to seventeen years in the penitentiary at Lyons, Iowa, for killing Spencer Dewey.

Gilbert Thompson committed suicide at Amherst, Wis., by holding his head under water in a slop barrel.

What is said to be the richest body of tin ore in the world has been discovered forty-five miles southwest of Durango, Mex., by John Pershbaker, of San Francisco.

Charles E. Kapasch, of Keokuk, Iowa, shot himself in the abdomen three times and will probably die.

Fire destroyed Roth's tenement building near Sheboygan, Wis. John Putneick, aged 9, was burned to death.

At Newport, Ark., an unknown man and woman were drowned.

A society for the establishment of a colony of Russian Jews has been incorporated in California. The directors are among the wealthiest Jewish merchants in San Francisco.

At Oskaloosa, Iowa, James Barrett caught James Brown in his house in compromising circumstances and put an aggregate of eight feet of stabs in his body. Brown still lives.

The bolt and nut manufacturing plant of J. Henry Sternbergh & Son at Reading, Pa., the largest of its kind in America, burned Friday night, entailing a loss of $275,000; insured for two-thirds. Six hundred men are thrown out of employment.

Mrs. George Ermaine attempted suicide Friday at Bloomington, Ills. She aimed a pistol at her head and discharged it, but the bullet failed to strike a vital organ and she may recover.

J. B. Ells, a consumptive who was treated with the Koch lymph at Kansas City, Mo., died Friday.

Charley Johnson, of Amber township, Mason county, Michigan, is only 16 years old and yet he weighs 310 pounds.

London affords for the use of its 5,000,000 of inhabitants nineteen free public and twenty-five commercial bathing establishments.

Mississippi has a girls' industrial college. Columbus, Ga., has laid the corner-stone of a building to be devoted to the same purpose, and now Alabama is agitating the subject.

A rumor is just now current in London that it is the intention of their royal highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, to pay a visit to Ireland during the course of the present year.

Albert Blanchard, who claims that his father is a judge on the supreme court bench of Illinois and now residing at Ottawa, was found guilty of receiving stolen goods at Columbus, Ohio.

Friday the auditor of Illinois authorized the City Trust and Savings bank at Chicago with a capital of $300,000 to begin business.

Articles of incorporation of the Muscatine, Rock Island and Peoria railroad, with a capital of $2,000,000, to build a road from Muscatine to Peoria, were filed with the secretary of state of Illinois Friday.

Friday at Chambersburg, Pa., the sheriff took possession of the works of the Taylor Manufacturing company on executions aggregating $200,000.

The project for a gigantic Koch hospital promised by Banker Bleichroder for Lichterfeld, near Berlin, has been dropped, but three barracks, capable of accommodating 120 patients, will be erected.

The three highwaymen, Williams, Watkins and Williard, who recently robbed and attempted to murder Jake Handenshield, the driver of a beer wagon, at Dubuque, Iowa, were sentenced to the penitentiary for the term of ten years.

A Frenchman named Dornon will attempt to walk on stilts from the Russian frontier to Paris in thirty day.

A. M. Parsons, one of the leading Democrats of northern Indiana, dropped dead at Goshen, Ind.

The extensive railroad shops of the New York, Lake Erie and Western railroad at Susquehanna, Pa., have been placed on eight hours' time.

The army of the pope for 1891 is made up as follows: Two generals, two colonels, two lieutenant colonels, a major, two captains and four lieutenants and sixty men.

Mr. Blaine's investment in the historic Seward house—his present home—which he has now bought for $65,000, seems everyway to have been a profitable one. Although he has spent about $17,000 in its improvement, it is estimated the property would now be worth nearly $100,000.

Alabama is enacting a law that will give the generous sum of $125,000 annually to ex-Confederate veterans and their widows.

Stanley declares he will never again return to Africa of his own will.

Frosty weather has been telling heavily on the accident insurance companies. One company in London is said to have had 226 claims for broken legs within seven days.

The treasury department Friday purchased 507,000 ounces of silver at prices ranging from $1.017 to $1.022 per ounce.

Terrific snow storms have prevailed recently throughout the southeastern portions of Russia, and whole villages and numbers of isolated houses have been almost buried in snow.

Ida Carman was found dead beside a railroad track at Dowagiac, Mich.

George W. Cooper, a former preacher, was arrested for forgery at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

The explosion of a boiler in Giles' steam saw-mill, near Reidsville, Ga., killed six men.

Charles Ashley, for thirty years a resident of Huntington, Ind., was sentenced to four years in the penitentiary for assault with intent to kill James Kennar, a leading attorney.

The liabilities of the Hon. George M. Rice, president of the Worcester (Mass.) Steel works, aggregate some $622,000.

The second trial of William Palmer at East Saginaw, Mich., for the murder of his brother has resulted in a disagreement of the jury.

Logging is being pushed night and day in the Ashland, Wis., district. The season's cut is estimated at 360,000,000 feet.

Amos Mechling was burned to death at an oil well near Lima, Ohio, by a tank of oil exploding and throwing blazing oil over him.

At Oshkosh, Wis., the switchmen employed by the Chicago and Northwestern went on a strike Saturday night on account of an obnoxious yardmaster.

At Greenville, S. C., during a dispute over a game of cards, Maj. W. A. Williams was shot and instantly killed by J. B. Williams.

The year of 1784 was remarkable for a severe winter. Snow began falling on Oct. 7 and fell, almost without intermission, until April 3 in the following year, or for nearly 180 days in all. In addition to this a strong frost prevailed during the same period.

A DEAD SHOT

right at the seat of difficulty, is accomplished by the sure and steady aim of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Don't fool around with a pop-gun, nor a "Flint-lock," when this reliable "Winchester" is within reach!

Dr. Sage's treatment of Catarrh in the Head is far superior to the ordinary, and when directions are reasonably well followed, results in a permanent cure. Don't longer be indifferent to the verified claims of this unfailing Remedy.

The worst forms of Catarrh disappear with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties effect a perfect and permanent cure, no matter how bad the case, or of how long standing. It's a remedy that succeeds where everything else has failed. Thousands of such cases can be pointed out. That's the reason its makers back their faith in it with money. They offer $500 reward for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure.

It's a medicine that allows them to take such a risk.

Doesn't common sense lead you to take such a medicine?

"An advertising fake" you say.

Funny, isn't it, how some people prefer sickness to health when the remedy is positive and the guarantee *absolute*.

Wise men don't put *money* back of "fakes."

'And "faking" doesn't pay.

After dinner,

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THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 14, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Russell's Comedians.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — The Bostonians.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Agnes Huntington.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—Mrs. Carter in "The Ugly Duckling."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—George Thatcher's Minstrels.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Two Old Cronies."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—J. J. Dowling and Sadie Hasson.

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets.—Gus Williams & John T. Kelly, "U & I."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison. — Gray and Stephens in "Vesper Bells."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CONSTANT READER," City.—Yes.

"NATIONALIST," City—Wolfe Tone had an interview with Napoleon Bonaparte before the expedition to Egypt was undertaken. Emmet also interviewed the same personage in the early part of 1803. Nothing came of either interview.

"INQUIRER," Cincinnati—Daniel O'Connell was 6 feet one inch in stature, perfectly proportioned, and weighed, when in his prime, about 280 pounds. He had handsome features also.

"W. CLIFFORD," City—There are two ways of expressing the phrase "Irish spoken here" in Gaelic. The shorter and more classic way is to use the passive voice of the verb as, "Labhairthear Gaedhilig anseo"; the other way is "Tá Gaedhilig labhartha anseo." Both forms of expression are correct.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE "TRIBUNE" AND PARNELL'S DEMAND.

The Irish question has had a new spirit breathed into it under the recent action of Mr Parnell. *United Ireland*, which is controlled by the able leader, says in a recent editorial.

Is a mere parliament the end we are aiming at—the goal of Ireland's aspirations—is this the thing for which we have striven so long and so bitterly? Is an assembly with a prime minister, a mace, and a sergeant-at-arms to satisfy the yearning and longing of the Irish heart? No, fellow-countrymen, we are struggling to make Ireland a nation. Has not Jersey a parliament and a constitution? Has she not command over her own judges, her own police, her own revenue, and her own industrial resources—nay, over her own state militia, and yet who thinks of Jersey as a nation? Is nothing more than a native legislature needed to give us more potatoes and cheaper traveling? How can these things make Ireland a nation? Parliament is not nationality. It is only the means by which nationality is fostered and nourished. Give Ireland the best parliament you can imagine—one that would plant the peasant firmly on the soil, develop the resources of the country, drain its rivers, and make the land blossom like a garden, but at the same time would encourage English ways and form our morals and manners after the English standard—why, it would be a thousand times better that we remained forever as we are than that this should come to pass.

Now the foregoing is a clear and succinct statement of the Irish cause, as that cause has presented itself to all thinking Irishmen before and since the fall of Limerick in 1691, but more particularly since that period. Molyneaux and Lucas; Flood and Grattan; Tone and Emmet; O'Connell and Smith O'Brien; Mitchel and James Stephens—all have contended for that principle in one form or another. If the Irish parliament is to be under the dictation of the English parliament, what difference, outside of a mere sentiment, does it make whether it meets in Dublin or in London? Ireland is now governed in the interests of England, on Irish soil, from Dublin Castle.

Commenting upon the article in *United Ireland*, the Chicago *Tribune* of last Tuesday says:

There are obstacles which seem insurmountable in the way of this wholesale demand for independent Irish nationality. There are thirty-three million people in England and Scotland, nearly all Protestants. There are three and a half million of Catholics and one and a quarter million of Protestants in Ireland. The one and a quarter million of Protestants would resist with all their well-known energy and determination separation from the Protestant protection of Great Britain and severance from the Empire. They regard with lively fear the prospect of being ruled over by the three and a half million of Catholics in the island. Americans have little conception of the bitterness of this feeling and of the horror with which the Irish Protestants would regard the possibility of being left to the "tender mercies" of what they call their hereditary, race and religious enemies.

As a matter of practical politics, the Parnell scheme, if *United Ireland* correctly states it, is impossible in the present state of things. The thirty-odd million Protestants of England and Scotland and the million and a quarter of Protestants in Ireland will not give their consent to the independence of Ireland as a separate nation, for that is what the demand amounts to. The Protestant element dreads being governed by the Catholic majority, and, even if England and Scotland should concede it, there would probably be a good deal of blood shed before the Ulster Protestants would submit. Again—if Mr. Gladstone should concede national independence to Ireland it would result only in destroying both himself and his party. He could not deliver the thing promised any more than the Northern Democratic leaders could now deliver national independence to the states which seceded under Jeff Davis. Mr. Parnell himself recognized its impossibility long ago, when he declared it was useless to hope to secure independence, except in case of some serious disaster to Great Britain by European invasion, and even then, as soon as recovered from, it would proceed to reconquer Ireland. Practical politics is in the way of dismemberment of the "United Kingdom." The most the dominant Irish element can expect is to secure local Home Rule in domestic affairs; to have a legislature of their own to make their domestic laws, levy and expend their taxes, control their police, and possess the rights that an American state—say Illinois—enjoys in the Union.

The question presented by *United Ireland* is not religious but political. Out of the 33,000,000 of Great Britain, full 5,000,000 are Catholics, mostly Irish by birth or immediate descent. The majority in Ireland should rule, of right, and British prejudice, numbers, interests, and so forth, can only appear in veto by way of brute force usurpation. THE CITIZEN does not believe that the Irish Protestant minority, outside of the Professional Protestants called Orangemen, is so cowardly as to fear the Catholic majority, in the event of Irish independence being conceded. In the three great Catholic provinces of Leinster, Munster and Connaught, where the Protestants are a mere handful, the latter are never molested by their Catholic neighbors. It is only in Ulster, where the creeds are more evenly divided, that, chiefly for political reasons, bad blood shows itself between them on certain occasions. The Battle of the Boyne craze is growing less year by year. It was hardly observed in Ireland in 1890, although July 12 was the 200th anniversary of the "affair of outposts" on the Boyne, which did *not* decide the fate of Ireland. The second siege of Athlone, the bloody battle of Aughrim—one of the bloodiest ever fought in Europe—and the second siege of Limerick followed. Limerick did not surrender until Oct. 1691, and then her garrison marched out "with all the honors of war" and was allowed to sail to France, there to form the Irish Brigade, whose banners "over Europe blazed" for a full century. England promised Ireland religious freedom and immunity from persecution and confiscation for political acts before Limerick laid down her arms. The world knows, to England's lasting shame, how that treaty was violated.

No Catholic country persecutes the Protestant minority. Neither Austria, Spain, France, Italy or Bavaria does it. Why should Ireland? Russia now stands alone in her barbarous persecution of the Jews. Russia is not a Catholic country. England still retains upon her statutes Catholic disabilities, which parliament is even now considering. The Knownothings of the United States would persecute, nay destroy, the Catholic minority if they could. Religious persecution has far deeper hold on Protestant than on Catholic peoples. There may be Catholic bigots, but there are many more Protestant bigots, and, according to their professions, the latter are far less excusable. They ought to be, if we are to believe themselves, and "take stock" in their professions of broad toleration, above such narrowness and meanness. In any case, if the Protestant minority in Ireland is afraid, let it sell out and transfer itself to England. It will be an entirely voluntary act, because the Irish majority does not hate the Protestants, although the latter, since 1798, have, as a body, been on the side of the common enemy. The recent brag of the Irish Protestants that they can, all alone, "whip the rest of Ireland," is ridiculous. "The rest of Ireland" would not leave "a grease spot" of them, if they attempted to carry out their vain glorious, unnatural and treasonable threat.

There is no analogy whatever between the secession of the Southern States, and the struggle of Ireland for her liberty. The Southern States came into the Union voluntarily. They were not persecuted. They maintained an odious institution, which modern American civilization could not tolerate. They refused all honorable compromise and resorted to arms in a mad attempt to overthrow the government of their own creation. None of these situations apply to Ireland. Nobody pretends, not even Historian Froude, that she entered voluntarily into the Union with Great Britain. Mr. Gladstone himself has denounced the Act of Union, as "a blackguardly crime against Ireland." The Irish are not seeking to escape from the English connection in order to impose slavery upon any section of their countrymen, but that all Irishmen may be free and equal, under Irish laws, on Irish soil.

Every American state controls not alone its judiciary, taxation, fiscal policy and police, but also its militia. The English deny all these rights to Ireland. Dogs, not to speak of men, would hardly submit to such a state of vassalage and common robbery. No matter what interests of England may suffer, and no matter what British prejudices may be shocked by the outcome, Ireland is determined, "by hook or by crook" to get rid of English domination, peaceably, if she can, and forcibly if she must.

REFUSE TO UNITE.

The Irish leaders, on the other side of the water, have failed to pool their issues and unite for the common good. Messrs. Parnell, Dillon and O'Brien have all written letters in which they deplore this fact, but they give no comprehensive reasons for the prolongation of the quarrel. Evidently the trouble does not rest with Parnell, as he has declared himself ready to make all reasonable concessions in the interests of unity. It is hinted that Tim Healy and Archbishop Walsh are particularly opposed to Parnell's leadership, in any form. The archbishop ought to keep out of the fight, and attend to his sacred functions. As for Healy, he is, to all appearances, absolutely irreconcilable. Parnell's position is, in the opinion of THE CITIZEN, entirely proper. It may be as well to tell all concerned, however, that, while the disagreement lasts, all hope of solid financial support from the United States must be relinquished. The breach ought to be closed somehow, no matter whose predilections or prejudices may suffer by it. The Irish mutineers, led by Tim Healy, have no reason to be proud of themselves. In spite of everything, THE CITIZEN still believes that the Irish cause will emerge triumphant from the long struggle.

ANOTHER PATRIOT GONE.

The Irish race all over the world will learn with deep regret of the death of the patriotic William Mitchel, younger brother of John Mitchel, of immortal memory. Although but a boy, in 1848, he took the most intense interest in the daring movement inaugurated by his noble hearted brother, and was employed as American agent for the Irish Confederation by the Mitchelite wing of that body. He performed the duty assigned to him with zeal and discretion, but the movement which was intended to make Ireland a nation proved only Dead Sea fruit. This, however, was not the fault of either of the Mitchels. If all the Irish people had been animated by the gallant and self-sacrificing spirit of those patriot Protestants the English fetter would have snapped in twain in spite of all the armies and navies of the empire. Pity there are not more like them in the Ireland of today. How few, how very few, of the Ulster Protestants feel as the Mitchels felt for Ireland. They are not, indeed, all enemies of their country, but those who are not hostile to Irish independence appear to be apathetic. A Newry, county Down, correspondent of the *Dublin Freeman*, under date of Jan. 23, says of the late Mr. Mitchel:

"The deceased gentleman, who was in his 61st year, had been ailing for the past three months—indeed, since last year, when he had an attack of 'la grippe,' or influenza, he never regained his former strength, although able to attend pretty regularly to his duties as cashier of the Newry Navigation Company. The deceased was the second son of the late Rev. John Mitchel, formerly minister of the First Presbyterian church, in Newry, and was born on the 4th of June, 1830, at Dromolane House, Newry. He was educated at Dr. Lyon's school, in Newry, and subsequently in London, after which he proceeded—after the '48 movement—to the United States, where he obtained an important government position in the Land office at Washington, under the American government. While in America, Mr. Mitchel, who was of a very inventive turn in the mechanical line, set himself to the task of constructing and inventing a machine for setting up and distributing type, on the plan of the linotype, a task which he successfully carried out. Mr. Mitchel remained in the United States for nine or ten years. On his return to Newry he prepared plans from which the large and extensive mills now in possession of the Drumolane Spinning Company were built by his brother-in-law, Mr. Hill Irvine. Mr. Mitchel, in the year 1862, married a Shetland lady, and her death, some ten months later, was a bereavement which deeply affected him for a long time. Upon his return to Newry, he was elected president of the Newry Literary and Scientific Society, which then existed, and his inaugural address is remembered by many for its vigorous eloquence. Needless to say he was an ardent Nationalist, and always took a deep interest in Irish political matters. One of his last acts in this regard was his splendid letter to the Dublin *Freeman*, on the crisis, and in support of Mr. Parnell's leadership, and since then he was delighted to see the arrival of his friend John Dillon in Paris, to restore peace and harmony in the ranks of the Irish party. He was an ardent patriot, ever since '48, but owing to physical infirmity he was prevented from taking an active part in political matters. The members of his family had already suffered a severe bereavement in the death, scarcely two years since, of Miss Mary Mitchel, sister to the deceased gentleman. Three sisters survive him—Mrs. Dickson, of Belfast; Mrs. Hill Irvine, of Melbourne, Victoria; and Mrs. John Martin, Abbeyyard, Newry, who faithfully attended him during his last illness, and to whom he was very much attached. His death is regretted by a large circle of intimate friends and acquaintances, and, indeed, by all creeds and classes of the community. His remains were interred in the old Meeting House Green, High street, Newry, on this afternoon at 2 o'clock, in the presence of a large assemblage of sorrowing friends, many of whom had attended the obsequies of his lamented brother, John Mitchel, and of his equally respected brother-in-law, honest John Martin." Mr. Parnell was represented at the funeral by his secretary, Mr. Campbell, M P.

The male line of the immediate family of the Rev. John Mitchel, who was himself a patriot, and the father of patriots, is now represented by Capt. James Mitchel, late of the Confederate army, who holds an office of distinction and emolument under the municipal government of the city of New York. He is, also, strongly National in sentiment, and bears a striking resemblance to his lamented father, the late John Mitchel. Two of his brothers died for "the Lost Cause." The descendants of the Emmets and the Mitchels inhabit the same American city. How truly the glorious lines of "The Memory of the Dead" apply to those two heroic Irish families:

Some on the shores of distant lands,
Their weary hearts have laid,
And by the stranger's heedless hands
Their lonely graves were made;
But though their clay be far away
Beyond the Atlantic foam,
In true men, like you men,
Their spirit's still at home!

The dust of some is Irish earth,
Among their own they rest,
And the same land that gave them birth
Has caught them to her breast!
And we will pray that from their clay,
Full many a race may start,
Of true men, like you men,
To act as brave a part!

SAVAGE PURITANS.

We are inclined, in this age of progress, to be excessively severe on the Indians for their inhumanity to captives made upon the war path. Their atrocities are frightful, it is true, but here comes Mr. John Codman, a distinguished American litterateur, now writing "A Story of Old Charlestown" for the *New England Magazine*, with a sample of Caucasian cruelty not more than one hundred and thirty-six years old. Mr. Cadman, in the story referred to, says:

"It is, therefore, not till Sept. 19, 1755, that, turning again to the columns of the Boston *Gazette*, we read, in the midst of lamentations over the defeat of General Braddock, and following a long list of the killed, scalped and wounded provincials, the following brief communication: 'Yesterday were executed on Cambridge Common, pursuant to their sentence, Mark and Phyllis, negro servants of Capt. John Russell, of Charlestown, for poisoning their said master. They were both drawn to the place of execution, attended by the greatest number of spectators ever known on such an occasion, where the former was hanged by the neck till he was dead, and the latter was burned at the stake.'

"It is appalling to consider that this execution occurred so late in the eighteenth century, when Benjamin Franklin was a man of middle age, and George Washington had attained his majority. Our great grandfathers so far relented that the executioner fastened a cord about the neck of the woman, pulled it tightly the moment the torch was applied, and continued to strain till life was extinct—'so that she did not suffer much from the intensity of the flames.'

"Mark's body was hung on a gibbet in Charlestown after the execution, and swung many a year, in wind and weather, till the place became a landmark for the traveller. Twenty years later, Paul Revere passed the place on his way to Cambridge, and in his account of that famous ride notes, 'the place where Mark's body was hung in chains.'"

Neither Satanta nor Black Kettle, Cochise, Geronimo, Crazy Horse, or Sitting Bull, could outdo the sweet Bostonese of 1755 in "man's inhumanity to man."

THE CANADIAN ELECTIONS.

The approaching Canadian election has stirred up wild excitement in the neighboring Dominion, whose financial condition is by no means to be envied. Sir John MacDonald has issued a "Jingo" appeal to the Canadians, in which he denounces reciprocity with the United States, and calls upon them to "stand by the old flag," that is the Union Jack of England. For his own part, Sir John says, he "was born a British subject and will die one." America, in reality, is not much concerned in Sir John's physical fate. He may die how, where and when he pleases for all that we care. No doubt reciprocity, or free trade, with Canada would hasten annexation. THE CITIZEN is not an enthusiast on the question of annexation. It doubts whether the Anglo Canadians are sufficiently enlightened to become good American citizens. It thinks, however, that the other Canadian elements would speedily amalgamate with us. Annexation would be about the best thing that could happen Canada, but would it be a good thing for the United States?

We would have to unravel many questions that are decidedly knotted up, be cause of England's peculiar policy in dealing with the different Canadian provinces. There are questions of grants, education and finance that would prove great sources of worry in dealing with Canada as she now stands. Annexation would, of course, change her status, but, in changing it, what would we gain? We would take in an enormous mass of territory, mostly unproductive, and a people trained in the ways of monarchy—some of them absolute idolators in the matter of king worship. We would have to take in Indians, half breeds and Orangemen. Worse than all else, we would have to take in, and be accountable for, Prof. Goldwin Smith. THE CITIZEN thinks that the last mentioned consideration ought to decide our government not to have anything to do with Canada in the way of annexation.

DEATH OF JAMES REDPATH.

The death of Mr James Redpath, which occurred in New York on Monday, will bring sorrow to many an Irish home throughout the world, because, although born upon English soil, at Berwick upon Tweed, in 1833, he was really, in heart and in principle, more Irish than many of the Irish themselves. He came to America in boyhood, and entered into the profession of journalism before he had attained his majority. He distinguished himself early, and wrote up the Kansas border warfare for the New York *Herald*. His letters attracted world wide attention at the time. Although a consistent advocate of human liberty, he was a strong personal friend of the late Jefferson Davis, and assisted Mrs. Davis in the preparation of her husband's memoirs, which are soon to appear. He visited Ireland, as a representative of the American press, in 1879-80, and his letters, together with those of the late D. R. Locke, "Petroleum V. Nasby," of the Toledo *Blade*, fixed the attention of America on the Irish question and won millions of sympathizers for the cause in this country. Mr. Redpath certainly deserves to live in the memory of Irishmen, as one of their greatest and most unselfish benefactors. His death was occasioned by injuries received in a collision with a street car on Broadway, New York, by which one of his arms sustained a compound fracture, and his physical condition was so weak that he could not rally under treatment. He leaves a wife and grown up children.

OUR SCOTCH GAELIC FRIENDS AGAIN

The following is Mr. MacKinnon's reply in Gaelic to the letter sent him some time ago by the Gaelic Society of New York. The Gaelic reader may see that the Gaelic used by Mr. MacKinnon, the occupier of the Gaelic chair in Edinburgh, is the newest and most corrupted form of the modern Scotch dialect. It would seem from the letter that any hope the Irish may have entertained about inducing their Scotch cousins to write correct Gaelic, must be given up. Mr. MacKinnon's letter is couched in very courteous language, but the less that is said about the correctness of the Gaelic in which it is written, the better. One thing is certain, and that is, that if the letter had been shown to Mr. Mackinnon's great grandfather he would never have been able to understand it; if it would not be Greek to him, it would be something very near it. A literal translation of the Gaelic is appended:

OIL-THIGH DHUN-EIDIN, An deicheamh latha de cheud mhios na bliadhna 1891.—*Uaislean Urramaich:* Tha mi gu ro mhor 'n 'ur comain air son 'ur litreach, agus rinn mi na dh' fhaod mi a chum a cur fa chomhair Ghaidheal na h'Alba.

Faodaidh e bhi gu'n deachaidh Sgoilearan na tire so cli, 'n uair a dh' atharraich iad, o chionn seachd fichead bliadhna, seann doigh litreachaidh na Gaidhlig. Ach bha an leithsgeul sea. Cha robh, 's an am, ach fior bheagan de leabhraichean Gaidhlig aon chuid an Eirinn no an Albainn. Cha robhtar a leughadh Biobull Bhedell an Eirinn. Cha tuigeadh Gaidheil na h-Alba an leabhar gu ro mhaith, eadhon 's an litir Romanaich; agus b'eigin eadar-theangachadh ur a dheanamh. Bha e freagarroch gum biodh an leabhar naomh air a sgriobhadh 's an doigh a b'fhasa do Ghaidheil na h-Alba a thuigsinn.

Ann an aon ni tha mi meas gu bheil sibh am mearachd. B e Alastair MacPharlain, ministear Chill Mheil'art, agus Alastair Domhnullach (MacMhaighstir Alastair) an Bard sinneil, gu sonruichte a rinn an t'atharrachadh mor so. Lean Stiubhartach Chill-fhinn, Dughall Buchanan, is sgeolearan eile, an eisempleir-san. Bha eliu na Gaidhlig agus leas nan Gaidheal, a muigh 's aig baile, ro dhiuth do chridhe nan daoine urramach so. Cha robh lamh aig Seumas Mac-a-Phearsain 's a' ghnothach idir. Cha deschaidh saothair an duine fhoghantaich sin a chlo-bhualadh 's á Ghaidhlig gus an robh an t-ughdar sona-bliadhna-deag 'n an uaigh: agus anns a bheagan Gaedhlig a sgriobh e féin, chan eil am modh-litreachaidh a reir gnath na h-Eireann no na h-Alba.

'S docha nach biodh Gaidheil na h'Alba ro uiamh gu bhi ag atharrachadh o'n doigh a dh'ionnsuich iad anns na cdisean so. Ach tha aon seol ann air am faodadh iad fein agus Gaidheil na h-Eireann, anns na riochachd an so 's an duthchanna céin, an cleachdadh atharrachadh. Dh' fhaodadh iad am beagan leabhraichean a tha againn a leughadh. Tha e'n a mhaiadh d'ar sluagh nach urrainn ach duine saibhar leabharGaidhlig a chlo-bhualadh. Cha'n 'eil againn an Albainn, mar a their sibhse, Iris-leabhar Gaidhlig idir; agus is ann le moran dragh, 's air bheag cuideachaidh, a tha Gaidheil dhealasach a' cumail suas aon an Eirinn.

Bheireadh e toiliuitinn mhor dhomh nam faiceadh sibh iomchuidh sgriobhadh a m' ionnsuidh o âm gu h'âm, m'un Ghaidhlig 's mu na Gaidheil taobh thall a' Chuain. Is mi, le morspéis agus urram, bhur earaid dilcas,

DOMHNULL MACFHIONGHAIN.

[*Translation.*]

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY, the tenth day of the first month of the year 1891—*Respected Sirs:* I am much in your debt on account of your letter, and I have done all I could to place it before the Gaels of Scotland.

It may be that the scholars of this country went astray when they altered, about a hundred and forty years ago, the old system of spelling Gaelic. But they were to be excused. There were not at the time but very few Gaelic books [in existence] in Ireland or in Scotland. They were not reading Bedell's Bible in Ireland. The Gaels of Scotland could not understand the book very well, even in the Roman letter, and it was necessary to make a new translation. It was fit that the holy book should be written in a manner most easy to be understood by the Gaels of Scotland.

In one thing, I think you are astray. It was A. MacPharlan, minister of Kill Mellart, and A. Donalach MacMaighstir Alastaer, the famous bard, in particular that made this great change. Stewart of Killinn, Dougal Buchanan and other scholars, followed their example. The fame of the Gaelic language and the weal of the Gael at home and abroad were very close to the hearts of those venerable men. James MacPherson had no hand in the business at all. The works of that industrious man were not put in print until the author was eleven years in the grave; and in the little Gaelic he wrote himself, the system of spelling is not according to the custom of Ireland or Scotland.

It is not likely that the Gaels of Scotland will be very willing to change from the form they have adopted in this matter. But there is one way in which themselves and the Gaels of Ireland, in this Kingdom and abroad, can change their method,—they can read the few [Gaelic] books we have. It is a disgrace to our people that none but a rich man can afford to print a Gaelic book. We have not in Scotland, as ye say, any Gaelic magazine at all; and it is with much difficulty and small assistance that the Gaels are able to support one in Ireland.

It would give me great satisfaction if you see proper to write to me from time to time about Gaelic and the Gaels beyond the sea. I am, with great affection and respect, your dear friend. DONALL MACKINNON.

In spite of the fact of Mr. MacKinnon having seen fit to answer the Gaelic Society in a *patois* of Gaelic which was first printed about the year 1760—and this fact is plainly acknowledged by Stewart in his Scotch Gaelic grammar—he has done nobly in giving the address sent him by the Irish Gaels, all possible publicity. A letter from the Gaelic Society of New York informs us that he sent them some half dozen Scotch papers in which the address was printed. This is a most important matter from a Gaelic language standpoint, for it is certain that very few among the masses of the Gaelic speaking Scotch know the terrible treachery to which their language has been subjected by English influence. The English government saw plainly that it would never do to have the descendants of the men who had taken up arms for the cause of Charley Stewart,—who had filled all England and its German dynasty with trouble and dismay, and the Celts of Ireland bound together by the strong tie of a common language. Something had to be done to break up the friendship that had so long existed between Irish and Scotch Celts; so the plan of distorting the Gaelic language of Scotland, and at the same time flattering the *amour propre* of the Highland Scotch, was hit upon. Simultaneously with the translation of the Gaelic Bible into the newly invented form of language now written in Scotland, came the poems of James MacPherson. At first they appeared only in English. They completely subverted and knocked into a heap Celtic history. They made Scotchmen of Irishmen. They made contemporaries of Finn, Cuchullin, and other Irish heroes who lived three centuries apart. The scheme worked well. The Ossianic controversy between the Irish and Scotch, which was carried on for over a century with exceeding bitterness, grew out of the distortion of the language. If certain Scotch Gaelic scholars under English political influence, had not maintained that the then existing form of Gaelic was not Scotch, MacPherson would never have been emboldened to make the monstrous forgeries he made. Never was there a more deeply laid scheme conceived for making enemies of two peoples that had been friends; and never, perhaps, was such a scheme so entirely successful in achieving the evil ends that were designed.

It will take a long time to make the Gaelic speaking inhabitants of Scotland as friendly with the Irish as they were even a hundred and fifty years ago. Religious differences have had a great deal to do in creating the coolness that at present exists between the Celtic Scotch and the Irish; but sectarianism cannot be made accountable for all of it; for long after the majority of the Gaelic speaking Scotch had forsaken the creed of their forefathers, they and their Irish kindred often shed their blood together, and for the same cause.

Mr. MacKinnon says in his reply that the reason why the Gaelic Bible was translated into the new dialect was because it had become partially unintelligible to the Highlanders. That could not have been the case. The Highlanders had had Bedel's Gaelic translation of the Bible for more than a hundred years, or from 1645 to 1760. They would naturally come to know it better and better every day, and instead of breaking away from the language in which it was written, they would become more and more familiar with it, even supposing it contained unfamiliar idioms, and would shape their language after its model. This is what has taken place in all Protestant countries. This is what has taken place in Germany and in England. If the German Bible had been first translated into Low Dutch, Low Dutch would certainly be the national and official language of Germany today. So Mr. MacKinnon's explanation of the cause why the Irish Gaelic Bible was retranslated in Scotland, will not bear a moment's scrutiny.

At all events the Gaelic Society of New York deserve great praise for having brought the matter prominently before the world at large, and Mr. MacKinnon deserves equal praise for the publicity he has given it in Scotland. It is to be hoped that it will be the means of bringing Scotch and Irish Celts into closer and more friendly relations.

IT is reported, as we go to press, that that noble old American hero, General William Tecumseh Sherman, lies at the point of death at his New York residence.

A NEW AMERICAN POET.

It is not often that military men lay aside the sword to woo the Muse. When they do, the world generally expects of them something in the martial line—something that would reflect on its surface their dashing and heroic experiences. "Winona, a Dakota Legend, and Other Poems," by Capt. E. L. Huggins, of the United States Army, aide de camp to General Miles, just published by G P. Putnam's sons, New York, deals with nearly all subjects but the mundanely martial. It gives, however, ample, and stirring, space to an account of conflict between the spirits of the air and those of the vasty deep. The work manifests the gentle, true and sympathetic soul of the gallant author, who has a heart to feel for the woes of the humblest, and who wields a pen capable of giving expression to thoughts that cannot fail to awaken noble sentiments in the minds of all who read his poetry. Very few, outside of his most intimate friends, were aware that Captain Huggins possessed the spirit of a poet until his unpretentious volume was given to the public. His sword flashed in many a brave battle of the Civil war on the side of Union and Liberty, of course; he has borne an honorable part in the great Indian campaigns of the last fifteen years, and how he found time, in the brief intervals of his active life as a soldier, to produce such excellent poetry is a mystery to all who have the pleasure of his personal acquaintance. While the love passages in the tale of "Winona," an idealized Indian maiden, deeply imbued with the tender passion, are, many of them, full of an exquisite pathos, Captain Huggins appears to have reached his highest flight of imagination in picturing the apocryphal battle between the Thunder Birds and Water Demons, creatures of Indian superstition, in the following lines:

A God might gaze and tremble at the sight
Of our array that turned the day to night;
With bow, and shield and flame-tipped arrows all,
Rushing together at our leader's call,
Like storm clouds sweeping round a mountain height.
* * * *
Up from their caverns swarming, when they heard
The rolling signal of the Thunder Bird,
The Water Demon and his sons arose,
And answered back the challenge of their foes.
With horns tumultuous clashing like a herd
Of warring elks that struggle for the does,
They lashed the wave to clouds of spray and foam,
Through which their forms uncouth, like buffaloes
Seen dimly through a morning mist, did loom,
Or isles at twilight rising from the shore.
* * * *
Rent by our beating wings, the cloud waves swung
In eddies round us, and our leader's roar
Smote peal on peal, and from their bases flung
The rocks that towered along the trembling shore.

In his "Perdita," which is a lament for a lost love, many of the lines are as mystically amorous and melancholy as those which abound in the poetry of Edgar Allan Poe. Thus:

No farewell was spoken,
Our voices were dumb,
But we knew without token
That parting was come.
In the darkness that bound us
A night bird did sing,
And the black air around us
Was moved by his wing,
As in vulture waves sweeping
He sped from the shore
And away from my keeping
My Day-star he tore.

And the following, also evidently addressed to some fair woman, has a rippling rythm most pleasing to the senses:

The old sweet vision
Comes to derision
The dream Elysian
That once was ours.
The rushing river
Mocks our endeavor
And soon will sever
My bark from yours.
* * * *
Let new flames redden
When light loves deaden,
Let pulses leaden
Leap forth anew;
But on this altar
Till breath shall falter
Though all else alter
Nought shall renew.

The subjoined apostrophe to Abraham Lincoln is bold, vigorous, intense:

O Christ of Freedom! no high altars fume
For thee, but freely flow the tears and blood,
The pure, sweet blood of thy own martyrdom,
And tears of mingled grief and gratitude
From the dark millions by thy pen set free,
Led from their long Gethsemane by thee!

But space, that relentless journalistic taskmaster, cries halt, and THE CITIZEN closes, most reluctantly, Captain Huggins' fascinating addition to the library of American poetry.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.*

Irish-American Council.

There will be a meeting of the Irish-American Council Sunday, Feb. 15th, at Fitzgerald's hall, corner Halsted and Adams streets, at 2 p. m., sharp. All Irish societies are requested to send three (3) delegates. JNO. FOLEY, Pres.
M. RIEDY, Sec.

PALAVER BE HANGED!

That is What Parnell Says to the Citizens of the Fair City of Waterford.

Negotiations Never Helped the Cause of Ireland and Never Can.

Speech to the People.

Mr. Parnell was most enthusiastically received by the mayor, corporation and citizens of Waterford on Sunday, Jan. 25 En route from Dublin to the "Urbs Intacta," the people at every station turned out to cheer him, and more particularly in the county Tipperary.

Mr. Parnell's opening speech at Waterford was couched in the following words:

Men of Waterford, Tipperary, and Wexford, I am proud of your numbers, your enthusiasm, and your courage, and I am glad that I have an opportunity of addressing the people of Waterford at a time when I can point to the surrounding omens as a vindication of the attitude of independence which you have taken up (cheers). The voice of Ireland is undoubted. It never was in doubt for a single moment; but you are told, and a panic was attempted to be created in your ranks by the statement, that if Ireland showed that she knew how to manage her own business and insisted upon managing it, that the Liberal party would turn tail upon their professions and refuse to give us that parliament which they had pledged themselves to give us.

WHAT DOES HARTLEPOOL SAY?

Hartlepool says that the north of England—and I believe that that voice will be re-echoed in every part of Great Britain—that the north of England believes with you and me in a full and complete settlement of this question. I think that that scatters to the wind the talk about Home Rule being in danger, and the cause of Ireland being lost, because Ireland was never in danger for a single instant. The Liberal party have a much greater interest in the settlement of this question even than you have; they must settle it, or they cannot return to power. (Cheers.) Why, if they tried to mind their own business, they would find that they had ninety-nine voices about their own business, and if they will allow us to have a united voice with regard to our affairs, and leave us alone, perhaps in a few years they may become united with regard to their own questions. The issue, then, fellow countrymen, is no longer in doubt, so far as Home Rule is concerned. You will get a parliament of some kind or another, but the sort of parliament that you get depends entirely upon yourselves. Perhaps I was a little too amiable with the Grand Old Man. (Cheers and laughter.) If I did commit this fault of being too amiable with this Grand Old Man at Hawarden I am sorry for it, and I acknowledge my transgressions and I promise you that I will never be amiable any more (laughter and cheers) One should not be generous at the expense of a nation or a nation's aspirations I was

HOPING FOR THE BEST,

and I did not like violently to break off these negotiations before seeing what the general election might bring forth, but I am glad to say that they have been broken off (loud cheers), because I never knew any good coming out of negotiations. In all the negotiations that I have ever had with this grand statesman I never succeeded in obtaining anything for Ireland, but he succeeded in getting a great many things away from Ireland. (Hear, hear) It is no loss to Ireland that there are to be no more negotiations. The Liberal party and Mr. Gladstone know what Ireland wants. There can be no mistake about it, that we want a parliament with full power to manage the affairs of Ireland, without trenching on any imperial prerogative or injuring any imperial or English interest, but a parliament we must have that will be supreme with regard to Irish questions. (Cheers) We will have no English veto. An English veto, whether on the appointment of your leader or on the laws that you shall make, would break down and destroy that parliament before it had been two years in existence. The Irish question is simple and plain. It is now known to all men, English and Irish, that what we want is that, when our parliament has been restored to us, the elected representatives of the people shall have power to make laws for Ireland, and that there shall be no English veto upon those laws except the constitutional veto of the crown, exercised in the same way as it is exercised by the crown upon the imperial parliament. Then as regards the civil power, that there shall be no imperial police; that there shall be no military police; but that the future police of Ireland shall be under the control of the executive of the Irish parliament; and that it shall be a civil force and not a military one. (Loud cheering)

The rest of Mr Parnell's speech dealt with the land question.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

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These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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OBITUARY.

MRS MARY M'BRIDE MURPHEY.

Mrs Mary McBride Murphey, who died at her residence, near LaGrange, Ill., on the 8th inst, was born near Irvinestown, Ireland, April 3 1819, almost on the bank of the beautiful Loch Erne. While still a young woman, she removed to Canada with a portion of her father's family, where she resided for six years, or until her arrival in Chicago in 1846. From that time she has resided in Cook county, in Chicago till 1866, in which year she removed to the farm in the town of Lyons, where, on Saturday last, she died. She was the mother of six children, two only of whom survive, John A. Murphey, Jr., and Mary Cornwell, the latter the wife of Wirt Cornwell, of Ann Arbor, Mich. Mrs. Murphey was a woman of generous heart and impulse, and with a manner that won to her those who could appreciate her sterling qualities of head and heart. She has had in her family, besides her own children, orphaned little ones who have lived to bless her name, and for whom she was not merely friend and benefactress, but mother. As for those of her own flesh and blood, it can be truly said in the words of a great statesman, "Whatever I have been or am, or whatever I hope to be in this world or in the world to come, I owe to my Angel Mother." Her death was the last act of a life full of sacrifice for her family, and their grief is moderated only by the assurance that to die for them was joy to her, even had such a crucial test of her devotion been demanded.

The funeral obsequies took place on Tuesday, the 10th inst, from the family residence to the LaGrange Music Hall, where a solemn high mass of requiem was chanted by the Rev. James M. Hagan, assisted by the well known contralto, Miss Coffey, who sang several most touching and appropriate songs during the mass. At the close of the services, Father Hagan addressed the large assemblage of mourners, taking as his subject the beautiful and christian life of the deceased, and paying a warm tribute to her many womanly virtues, and most of all to her simple, abiding faith in God and His church. In her death the community has lost a land mark, one who had lived in Cook county since 1846, and who had, during all that time, led a well ordered but uneventful life, living entirely for her family and dying with the satisfaction of having done for her children all that a mother's love could suggest. In her death, a life long, continuous sacrifice was culminated. She died as she had lived, for her children, and to them the loss appears appalling. Her example of charity and goodness was their great pride, and the lessons of sympathy for the poor and down-trodden of every race, and especially for her kinsmen in Ireland, was implanted on all occasions in the breasts of those to whom she was both mother and confidential friend.

After the services, the remains were viewed by the many present, and a special train of three coaches carried the party to Calvary cemetery, only stopping to add another loaded coach to the train when passing through the Union depot. Arriving at Calvary, the grave prepared by artistic hands and decorated and lined with holly, interspersed with roses and lillies of the valley, was found ready for the reception of the precious remains, and after a prayer by Father Hagan, the casket, enclosed in an oaken outer box, was consigned, with its cherished contents, to earth, the holly and flowers spread above it, and all that was mortal of Mary McBride Murphey was hid from mortal view. The honorary pall bearers were Messrs. R Prendergast, J. Murphey, T. Rudd, S. Vial, P. O'Neil Byrne and D. O'Brian. The actual pall bearers were Messrs. John W. Garvey, R O'Connor, Geo. W. Savage, Jas J. Mullen, Jas. Doran and John A. Cook, all of whom were close friends of the deceased and her family.

TALLEYRAND MEETS BONAPARTE.

Talleyrand, in the February *Century*, describes his first meeting with Bonaparte in 1797:

I had never seen him. As already mentioned, he had written to me—on the occasion of my appointment as minister of foreign affairs—a long, carefully composed letter, in which he evidently intended I should discover a different man from the one he had hitherto shown himself on the stage of public affairs. * * * On the very evening of his arrival in Paris he sent me an aide de camp to inquire at what time he could see me. I replied that I was at his disposal; he sent me word that he would call on me at 11 o'clock the next morning. Of this I informed Madame de Staël, who the following day, at 10 o'clock, was in my drawingroom. There were also present several other persons brought by curiosity. I recollect that Bougainville was among them. The General being announced, I went to meet him. As we crossed the drawingroom I introduced Madame de Staël to him, but he hardly paid any attention to her; he noticed only Bougainville, to whom he addressed some pleasant words.

At first sight he struck me as a charming figure; the laurels of twenty victories are so becoming to youth, a handsome eye, a pale complexion, and a certain tired look. We went to my study. This first conversation was, on his part, without reserve. He referred with much courtesy to my appointment to the ministry, and laid emphasis on the pleasure he had felt in corresponding in France with a person of a different stamp from the Directors

Then, with scarcely any transition, he said to me, "You are a nephew of the Archbishop of Reims, who is with Louis XVIII." (I noticed that on this occasion he did not say "with the Count of Lille.") "I, too," he added, "have an uncle who is an archdeacon in Corsica; it is he who brought me up. In Corsica, you know, being an archdeacon is the same as being a bishop in France."

We soon returned to the drawingroom, which was now full, and he said aloud: "Citizens, I feel deeply the greeting you accord me; I have done my best when carrying on the war, my best when making peace. It is for the Directory to know how to turn my efforts to profit for the happiness and prosperity of the Republic."

Whereupon we repaired together to the Directory.

EXCITEMENT IN ROCHESTER.

The Commotion Caused by the Statement of a Physician.

An unusual article from the Rochester, N. Y. *Democrat and Chronicle*, was recently published in this paper and was a subject of much comment. That the article caused even more commotion in Rochester, the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well known not only in Rochester but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days since, which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal enquiries which have been made at our office as to to validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed necessary.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion, at his residence, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued, such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. I was brought so low by neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious.

The medical profession has been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is only time it ceased. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of kidney disease more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments"

This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing people today, which in reality are Bright's disease in some of its many forms. It is a Hydra headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also."

Mr. Warner, who was visited at his establishment on N. St. Paul street, spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease had increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that from '70 to '80 its growth was over 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off, and is taking off every year, for while many are dying apparently of paralysis and apoplexy, they are really victims of kidney disorder, which causes heart disease, paralysis, apoplexy, etc. Nearly every week the papers record the death of some prominent man from this scourge. Recently, however, the increase has been checked, and I attribute this to the general use of my remedy."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it today who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications, I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; *I* have Bright's disease of the kidneys;' and in less than a year he was dead. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful is it not?"

"No more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured?"

I know it can. I know it from my own and the experience of thousands of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proved true if I had not fortunately used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?" was asked of Dr. S. A. Lattimore, one of the analysts of the State Board of Health.

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"A serious disorder of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir, I did not think it possible."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"I have chemically analyzed it and find it pure and harmless."

The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question, and the statements they make cannot for a moment be doubted. Dr. Henion's experience shows that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, but that it can be cured if taken in time.

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24 & 26 E. Randolph St.

BIG FISH SALE

THIS WEEK.

800 Kits of Genuine Irish Family Mackerel at Less than Wholesale Price. Trout, Salmon and Canned Fish. Groceries at Wholesale Prices.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

OVER-WORK.

Office of the High Court of Illinois Catholic Order Foresters, 126 and 128 Washington Street.
CHICAGO, Oct. 11th, 1887.

REV. E KOENIG: *Dear Sir:*—I deem it a duty I owe you to certify to the good effect the taking of your medicine had on my health. I was troubled with nervousness brought on by over-work Your Nerve Tonic almost immediately stopped that peculiar tremor that I presume, is evidence of nervousness. I am now well. My head troubled me, could not sleep, head hot, dreams of accidents, etc. One spoonful of your medicine removed the cause of my dreams; have not had them since; took seven or eight bottles of your medicine. Keep some in my house; always take some occasionally; would not be without it; have recommended it to my friends. If I am not mistaken your medicine will prove a great blessing to this over-worked nation. Yours truly,
JNO. F. SCANLAN,
H. C. R.

Our **Pamphlet** for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent **free** to any address, and **poor** patients can also obtain this medicine **free** of charge from us.
This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the
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50 West Madison, cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL
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LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

CLIFFORD—At No. 88 West street, Drogheda, Jan. 20, Mary, eldest daughter of Edward Clifford.

DUIGNAN—At the residence of her brother, Laurence Duignan, Croboy, Hill of Down, Jan. 19, Miss Margaret Duignan.

EGAN—At his residence, Moate, county Westmeath, Jan. 20, Luke Joseph Egan, aged 34

O'NEILL—At Clonmel, county Tipperary, Jan. 11, James Howley O Neill, aged 58 years.

SALMON—At her residence, Kilraters, Scariff, county Clare, Jan. 17, Katerine, wife of Wm. Salmon.

Notice

is hereby given that the stockholders of the Curran Lumber and Brick Dryer Manufacturing Co. will hold a special meeting at the office of the company, Chicago, Ill., on Saturday, March 7, 1891, at 3 p. m., for the purpose of changing name to Curran Dry Kiln Co.
JOHN J. CURRAN, President.

Here Is a Chance to Make Money.

I bought a machine for plating gold, silver and nickel, and it works splendid. When people heard about it they brought more spoons, forks and jewelry than I could plate. In a week I made $33 25 and in a month $172 50 My daughter made $31 in five days. You can get a Plater for $3 from W. H Griffith & Co, Zanesville, Ohio, and will, we trust, be benefitted as much as I have been.
R. M. GRAY.

Be wise in time. You have too many gray hairs for one so young looking. Use Hall's Hair Renewer, the best preparation out to cure them. Try it.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleeper Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash. and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minneeota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

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Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
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Chicago.

JOHN W. WALSH,
Attorney at Law,
609 Opera House Building,
Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
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A standard household remedy in successful use more than 40 years. A positive cure for Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Nervous Prostration, Constipation and all diseases of the Blood, Stomach and Liver.
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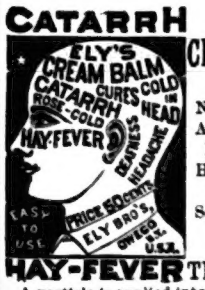

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A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.
ELY BROTHERS 56 Warren-st., N.

A LITTLE LOVE SONG.

A year ago today, my love,
My heart was full of care;
The gathered grief of long, long years
Seemed more than I could bear.
The past was all so fraught with pain,
The present dim with woe,
The future looked so dark to me,
One little year ago.

I thought to tread my lonely path
In silence, all alone;
No friend to cheer with kindly word,
No hand to clasp my own;
No dream or hope of light or love
To bless my shadowed way.
Ah, well! 'Tis said, "the darkest hour
Is just before the day."

So, when my deepest night had come,
And life was well nigh gone,
Heaven's own kind cure sent you, my dear,
To herald in the dawn.
The tender touch of love's own hand
Rent every cloud away,
And heaven swung dazzling down to me,
A year ago today.

And now these gentle eyes of blue
Look lovingly in mine;
And strong, brave hands, with kindly clasp,
My trembling ones entwine;
And onward now with happy heart,
I walk life's joyous way,
And bless the boon which came to me
A year ago today.
—Mattie Dyer Britts in New York Ledger

DOLLY.

Dolly and he were friends. How or why the friendship was first struck up is unknown. But this much is certain, that the first advances must have come from Dolly herself, for a friendship of any kind, much less a friendship with a chubby, dimpled little maiden, was not much in Jim's line.

There was nothing attractive about Jim—quite the reverse. A great hulking fellow, with a sullen face and evil eyes, who, young as he was, had dipped more freely into life's book than is well for any man to dip. And Jim had not come out of the ordeal unsoiled. It was a rough place, that little western mining camp in which he worked—a rough place, full of rough men, with whom, moreover, he was no favorite.

"I calc'late," said Judge Remis, who was taking his ease outside after a hard day's work and blowing in a gentle, meditative sort of way the curling smoke from his pipe, "I calc'late that a more thorough paced young scoundrel than that Jim don't wlak the earth—darned if he do."

This sentiment, as fully embodying the views of the camp, was received with nods of assent. "And yet," said the judge, taking the pipe from his mouth, the better to enforce the remark, "Dolly there seems sort o' struck with him."

"That's so," said big Ben thoughtfully.

The camp uttered a growl or two of protest. What did Dolly see in him? was what the camp wanted to know—a question more easily asked than answered.

Pretty baby Dolly! with her dimpled face and brown eyes—darling baby Dolly! the God given bit of childhood which was blossoming in the midst of that band of wild, hard living, hard drinking fellows, not one of whom, at his wildest and worst, would have done aught to harm her.

"Jest look at 'em," said the judge, raising himself up on his elbow from the soft grass.

The men followed his gaze, and about twenty yards away, appearing over the prairie ridge, they saw the two—Dolly seated on Jim's beautiful horse, Red Mustang, one of Jim's strong arms thrown protectingly around her, the other carrying her basket of berries, full to an extent that showed that Dolly's chubby little hands had never gathered them alone.

Dolly herself was regarding the luscious fruit admiringly. "Daddy'll yike 'em, Dim, won't he?" they heard her remark.

"Well!" said Jim savagely, "seein' as it is Daddy, I've no doubt he will. Daddy's ready for most all he can get."

There was a sufficient amount of truth in the statement to cause a smothered laugh of amusement among the listeners, in which Daddy, otherwise the judge, good humoredly joined.

Dolly did not laugh; instead, her brown eyes grew troubled. Jim's remark had savored of disloyalty to Daddy, and loyalty to Daddy was part of Dolly's simple creed. Suddenly she brightened. "So am I," she announced.

"Are yer, now?" asked Jim.

"Iss," said Dolly. "Aren't you?"

Jim made no reply. Catching sight of the spectators, he lifted Dolly and the berries roughly to the ground, and went on his way in his customary moody silence.

Dolly, apparently quite used to such treatment from her strange friend, picked up her basket and trotted contentedly to her father's side.

"Who've you been with, Dolly?" said Big Ben, catching her up in his arms and tossing her to the sky.

"Dim," said Dolly from Ben's shoulder.

The men laughed.

"Well, I am surprised," said Big Ben loftily—"a little gell like you taking up with such as him. I wonder at you, Dolly."

For answer Dolly buried her hands in Big Ben's curls, laughing gleefully. Whereupon a glorious game of romps ensued.

However, it so happened that Jim was to give a practical answer to Dolly's question as to whether he was ready for all he could get by committing a theft—a daring theft, and by no means his first, although for the first time discovered.

"Caught red handed," said Big Ben, his hand tightening ominously on his heavy stock whip.

The camp was soon ablaze with the news, and from every side there flocked angry, fierce eyed men. They made short work of such sinners in those days. A few yards of rope and the nearest tree used to settle the business effectually. A man might gamble or swear or use his pistol as freely as he pleased, but in such a community theft was necessarily the unpardonable crime.

"To the right about!" said Big Ben, sternly.

Jim scowled at him. He did not ask for mercy, knowing that it would be useless. He would have been the last to offer it in such a case himself.

Suddenly attracted by the tumult appeared Dolly, looking out at the world from her great sun bonnet.

"Run away!" said the judge sharply; "this 'ere ain't no place for little gells."

Dolly was an obedient little soul, and in an ordinary case would have obeyed. But baby as she was, something of the significance of the scene came home to her: Jim standing alone amid that ring of cruel faces.

She gazed pitifully at him.

"Go away, Dolly," said Big Ben; "you've nothing to do with him. He's a thief."

Dolly's eyes sought Jim's for a denial.

As he met them with his own reckless, defiant ones, a something else flashed into them, and then and there he uttered a downright lie: "Don't you believe 'em, Dolly; I ain't nothing of the sort." And, half involuntarily, he threw a wistful glance at Big Ben.

Spite of his roughness Big Ben must have had a soft spot somewhere, for, bending down to Dolly, he said gently: "There, you see, Dolly, I must have been mistook. This 'ere fellow, instead of being a thief, is a virtuous youth, an innicent angel, in fact. Now run away."

So Dolly departed satisfied.

After she left silence and hesitation fell upon the men. The little scene had touched them. After a whispered consultation the judge, stepping forward, cut the cord round Jim's wrist, saying curtly, "Here, you young scoundrel, we'll let you off this time. But clear out of this; we don't want no thieves here."

Without a word Jim turned on his heel. Some men would have left the place at once. Jim was made of different stuff. Expelled from the camp he built himself a cabin on the outskirts, not trying to live the disgrace down, but enduring it with the dogged obstinacy which was part of his nature. The miners, even Big Ben, ignored him completely; for Ben, for all that instant of softness, had certain rugged fibers of pride about him which led him to treat a thief with merciless justice.

The effects of this "severely letting alone" system were not very apparent, which was no doubt the reason of its being carried on so long. If Jim had only shown a proper spirit of penitence he would have been forgiven. But, except that he was a trifle surlier, he went on his way pretty much as before, even Dolly being treated in public with savage silence. But as she was not alienated there is reason to suppose that he mended his manners when they were alone together. For together they still were at times; and although muttered protests went up from the camp on such occasions not a man but had manliness enough to refrain from making Dolly part of Jim's punishment. So she and "Dim" and Red Mustang had many a fine scamper together over the prairie.

But there came a time when Jim and Red Mustang between them were to do a fine work—a time when a sudden danger loomed out, and Jim rose to it like the brave man that he was—when with clenched teeth he subdued the demon within him, and proved that on occasion he was ready, not for all he could get, but to give up all that he had. For a savage "whoop" rang out one night on the unsuspecting camp. Men knew what it was, and sprang to their feet with a snarl of rage. Rifle in hand they rushed out.

"Injin," said the judge, coolly loading his rifle, and in the moonlight gleamed the dusky painted figures. There was little love lost between Injun and white man. The "man-and-a-brother" theory had not been propounded on either side. It was war to the knife on both. "Steady! boys, steady!" said the judge, to whom such scenes were by no means new. "Ready there? Now—at 'em!"

And "at 'em" it was. Down swung the muskets, out flashed the shot, and with a look that was not good to see upon their faces the boys began their work—sharp work—butchery. The savages swarmed into the camp only to be cut down. It was soon over. But the Indians had fought bravely, and, old, tried hand as he was, an uneasy light had leaped to the judge's eye. "It was a close shave," he muttered, wiping the great drops of sweat from his brow as he watched the fleeing band—"a close shave. A little more, and"—— The pause was suggestive.

The day was already breaking when the judge turned in home. "Hope the little lass hasn't been scared," he thought; and, involuntarily, a queer, tender gleam passed over the weather beaten face as he thought of his "little lass."

"Dolly!" he said, opening the cabin door. There was no answer. "Dolly!" and then again a little quicker, "Dolly!"

Again that night the men were aroused by a cry—an awful cry, wrung from a strong man in pain; and when they hurried forward it was to find the judge with the fashion of his face all changed, pointing to the empty cabin, on whose floor shone the gleam of a tomahawk. That and the confusion of the place told its tale all too plainly—Dolly had been carried off by the Indians!

And not a man among them but shuddered, for Indian revenge is a very horrible thing at its best, and the pitiful helplessness of a little child would have no weight with a Blackfoot warrior on the warpath, especially if the child's people had defeated his own.

In the dazed silence Jim stepped forward—Jim, with his shoulders well squared and a resolute look on his face. He eyed the group rather scornfully. "Going to stop here all day?" he asked. "Bein' as this is just the right time to give your horses a rest! I'm off!" And so he was, he and Red Mustang together, racing over the plain. But not before he had seized the judge's hand in a fierce grip, saying, with a totally unexpected catch in his voice, "Jedge, if I can I'll bring her back." Not much, but it meant a great deal.

Thoroughly roused, the rest followed his example—not one hung back. All that fleet horses and brave hearts could do would be done for the little one.

I used to think Red Mustang the finest horse in the world, and never wondered at Jim's pride in her. A beautiful creature she was, indeed, and what was more to the purpose, swift and strong. She had been peculiarly vicious, and Jim had broken her in himself. I was present at that breaking in, and, boy as I was, I remember to this day my feeling of admiration as Jim quietly mounted upon her back.

"He's a blessed young scamp," said a man near me in involuntary delight, "but, by Jove, he can ride!"

So he could. Red Mustang exerted all her powers—which were by no means slight—in the way of bucking, rearing, shying, kicking and plunging, to no purpose. With his feet well in the stirrups and a firm grip on her sides, Jim stuck on, sparing neither whip nor spur, and making the lash curl round her in a way that I thought then, and still think, was brutal. But when, all trembling, she bowed her beautiful head, and with the dark fire of her eye owned him master, he flung away the whip and never used it again. That was just Jim.

But after the first memorable tussle, when it had been so emphatically decided whose will was to be obeyed, master and horse came to a very good understanding. Red Mustang's affection, indeed, had something pathetic in it, and the fact that she showed the reverse to every one else certainly did not lessen Jim's for her.

Over the prairie the little cavalcade started, Red Mustang, with that easy swinging stride of hers, taking the lead and keeping it. But Jim pulled her up sharply as there came a triumphant shout from behind, "Here's the trail!"

Riding up, Jim looked at it with his keen eyes. "That's no trail!" he said contemptuously.

Now, the rest of the men having stated that it was the trail, and being at least as well able to judge as Jim, did not receive his remark in the pleasantest spirit.

"It are the trail," said Daryl Dash, in a quietly conclusive way, as if that settled it.

"But it aren't!" said Jim squarely.

Now, Daryl Dash was one of the most trusted hands in the camp, and being backed by Big Ben, the rest naturally took his side.

"This ain't no time for foolin'," they said very sternly. "Here's trail, plain as can be; and we're goin' to follow it up"

"I'm not foolin'," retorted Jim, with a kind of desperate earnestness. "That trail's too plain for Injins to have left, unless they done it a' purpose. I can find the trail right enough if you let me. Trust me, boys."

My poor Jim! As a man sows so shall he reap. What had he done, in all his reckless, dissolute life, to be trusted now? He was not trusted; nay, more, he was left, half mad with anger and despair, to find his trail alone.

"Take it, or leave it." the men had said as they galloped off upon their trail.

Away in the east the sun was touching the sky with red gold light. Great crimson bars, flecked with orange, gleamed out broadly, and then melted into the softer harmony around, and before one knew it, the whole shining mass united and out flashed the sun. But before it did that Jim had made up his mind to do a very risky thing—to rescue Dolly single handed. Who else was there to do it? The others had ridden away in a direction which was every moment taking them farther away from the right track.

"My God!" he said wildly. Was it a prayer from those rough lips?—a prayer which the Good Shepherd heard and answered? For Jim played a hero's part that day. He found the trail. For the sun, glinting downward, caught the light of a small pink object on the brushwood and rested there lovingly. Nothing much—just the torn string from a little child's sunbonnet. But at the sight Jim broke into a suppressed whistle of triumph, and raced Red Mustang forward as she had never been raced before. I never like to think about that ride. Enough, the Red Mustang responded loyally to the situation. From "noon to dewy eve" she carried Jim steadily. But when, trembling, foam flecked and parched with thirst, he stopped her as the Indian camp loomed in sight, he knew that his work was cut out.

"Quiet! old lass! quiet!" he said, cautiously dismounting and patting her with a look on his face that few but Dolly or Red Mustang had ever seen there.

The gallant beast seemed to understand, and suppressing a whinny, rubbed her nose wistfully against the caressing hand.

Half gliding, half creeping forward, Jim took in the situation at a glance. The Indians had evidently only just stopped and were hastily improvising a sort of camp. But, unsuspicious as they were of being followed so soon, Jim knew that this first careless bustle of arrival would not last long, but that sentries would be set to guard against any approach. Suddenly his blood thrilled, for there before him, not a dozen yards away, lay Dolly reposing on an old blanket in the healthy sleep of childhood.

It was a foolish thing to do, perhaps, considering the state Red Mustang was in, but then Jim was desperate. How he crawled forward, seized Dolly and got back to Red Mustang unperceived he could never have told himself. But get back with her he did, and in a flash the three were off.

"Dim!" said Dolly, clinging in blissful content to the rough red shirted arms.

"Ay," Jim answered, glancing down at her as he tightened Red Mustang's girth; "you go to sleep, Dolly."

So Dolly's little brown head nestled down, and Jim and Red Mustang made what speed they could, which was not a very great speed, although there came sounds from behind which made the mare tear forward and turned Jim white. The Indians were in pursuit.

Mile by mile, hour after hour, that fearful race went on. The rugged line of hills which marked the camp were in sight now, but could Red Mustang hold out? She was already trembling ominously, and Jim knew that the time was come. If she were to reach the camp at all, it must be without his weight on her back.

"Dolly!" he said with a shake which made Dolly open her sleepy eyes, "I want you to do somethin' for me," he went on persuasively; "I want to get down here, I've—I've—a partic'ler reason for wanting to get down here"—and the arm holding Dolly's as gently as a woman's kept her head turned well forward. "Red Mustang 'll take you to the camp all right, if you'll be a brave little gell, and go alone."

"Oh!" and Dolly's frightened clutch was very firm.

"Will you, Dolly?" said Jim feverishly. "Dolly! Dolly! Little lass! Will you? For me."

"Iss, Dim," said Dolly with quivering lips.

Dismounting, Jim fastened her swiftly and firmly to the saddle and gave Red Mustang the word. "Good-by, Dolly," and Jim's moustache brushed the rosy lips.

"Good-by, Dim," said Dolly.

Red Mustang whinnied uneasily. But her master had told her to go, and she went.

"She'll do it," said Jim with a great sigh of relief.

The Indians were very close now.

In a curious, concentrated kind of way, Jim gazed at the plain, which the moonlight was kindling into peaceful beauty. Then with an ugly light in his eye, he drew out his bowie knife and turned to face what was before him.

"Whoso giveth a cup of cold water to one of these little ones, he giveth it unto me." And Jim had given more than that—he had given his life; for the next day Big Ben and the rest found him on the plain—scalped.—Chambers' Journal.

Sitting Bull's War Club.

The killing of Sitting Bull, the famous Indian chief, recalls the fact that Mr. Max E. Dickerson is the proud possessor of this great chief's private war club. Mr. Dickerson secured the club from Elroy Post, a scenic artist in the employ of the Union Pacific Railroad company, who received it as a present from Sitting Bull himself. Mr. Post was doing some work for the railroad company at the time in and around Sitting Bull's headquarters, and the chief took a great liking to him, but would have nothing to do with the rest of the men, although there were six in the party. He took Mr. Post all through his camp, introduced him to different Indians, and made things as pleasant for him as possible.

In return for his kindness Mr. Post painted for Sitting Bull two large pictures of his two favorite ponies, Dry Camp and Never Fret, which so pleased the old chief that he said he would like to present him with sometning in return for the compliment. Noticing a large war club hanging up in the chief's tepee, Mr. Post said he would like to have it. Sitting Bull mentioned the fact that the club was an old relic, had been in service over forty years, passed through numerous battles, and because of its curiosity he would give it to him. Upon Mr. Post's return to Aberdeen, S. D., he shipped the relic to Mr. Dickerson, who now has it on exhibition in one of the prominent business places of this city.—Shelby Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Where Dirty Hands Are Allowed.

The most noticeable thing about the American people, in the eyes of an Australian recently arrived, is the fact that they wear their finger nails closely cut and very clean. In Sidney or Melbourne even the most aristocratic gentleman never thinks of cleaning his finger nails, and seldom cuts them. Even the lower classes in the United States take good care of their nails, which is something an Australian can scarcely comprehend. Americans are busy people, and one can hardly imagine when they find time to bother with cutting or cleaning their finger nails.

Another noticeable thing is your illumination of shop windows at night. After 8 o'clock in a Melbourne street the streets are as dark as a cavern, and one can walk for a block or more without seeing a light. Here in San Francisco there are lights in every window. Even after the shop is closed the proprietor leaves electric lights burning to display and advertise the goods in his window. A Melbourne merchant would regard this as a needless expense.—Interview with an Australian.

Old Shoes of Royalty.

In Dresden there is said to be on view a number of boots, shoes and slippers once worn by emperors, kings, queens and princes, which should be of much interest to relic hunters and shoe collectors. A citizen of New York is said to have in his possession a shoe and a sandal which were worn by Queen Elizabeth more than 300 years ago. The shoe is in a wonderful state of preservation. Americans who show such a weakness for royalty may be interested to learn that from the latest accounts one of our princesses has in her wardrobe a couple of pair of shoes to match every dress, and a lot of colored Russia leather, morocco and black shoes.—Chambers' Journal.

Filling a Want.

A Chicago man is building an express car with reference to train robbers. It will be provided with forty-two port holes through which the messengers can shoot, iron bottom to prevent burning him out, and torpedoes and hand grenades which can be thrown all about by a system of springs and levers.—Detroit Free Press.

The Other Place.

"Some persons, including myself," said the parson, "believe that in the next world we but continue the work of this."

"And you expect to preach in heaven, doctor?"

"Yes."

"I think I'll go to—elsewhere."—Epoch.

Theodore Weld, once a famous anti-slavery lecturer, is living comfortably with his son at Hyde Park, Mass. He is 88 years old and is said to closely resemble the poet Bryant in looks.

Catarrh Cured.

If you suffer from Catarrh, in any of its forms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do by sending a self-addressed stamped envelop to Prof. J. A Lawrence, New York, who will send you, FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original recipe for preparing the best and surest remedy ever discovered for the cure of Catarrh in all its various stages Over one million cases of this dreadful, disgusting, and often-times fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. Write to-day for this free recipe. Its timely use may save you from the death toils of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address, Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York.

DROWNED IN THE MINE.

A Most Frightful Disaster at Jeansville, Pa.

EIGHTEEN MEN LOSE THEIR LIVES.

While Two Miners Were Boring a Hole in Their Chamber the Drill Breaks into an Old Slope Which Was Full of Water—But Few of the Men in the Mine Escape—Heartrending Scenes at the Mouth of the Slope.

HAZLETON, Pa., Feb. 5.—Eighteen men in watery graves mark the result of the most awful mine horror that has ever occurred in this region. Jeansville, the mining village of J. C. Hayden & Co., two miles across the mountains from this place, is the scene of the disaster which has resulted in such loss of life and brought desolation and anguish to so many homes. At 11 o'clock Wednesday morning, while Charles Boyle and Patrick Coll, of Leviston, were engaged in drilling a hole in their chamber in the lower lift of No. 1 slope, they broke into old No. 8 slope, that has been idle for five years and had been flooded to the mouth with water. William Brislin, a driver, was at the bottom of the slope when he felt the wind coming and cried out: "Boys, for God's sake, run for your lives r we will all be drowned."

Sad Scenes at the Slope.

The news of the disaster created the wildest excitement and the mouth of the slope was soon thronged with people, frantic in their efforts to obtain information of the inmates of the mine. When all the men who escaped reached the surface and it was known who the lost were the excitement increased, and in less than half an hour hundreds of men, women and children gathered around the slope and the terrible scenes of anguish that ensued can not be depicted. A pump was got in working order in a short time, and every stroke was watched anxiously by the onlookers, who seemed to count the throbs of the mighty engine as it forced the gallons of black and sulphurous water from the mouths of the huge column pipes at the entrance of the slope. A large duplex Cameron pump was also in working order by 7 o'clock Wednesday night and every minute takes 1,500 gallons from the slope where the men are entombed. Hayden & Co. will pump the water out as rapidly as machinery placed in position can do the work. How long it will take is a question, since no definite idea of the volume of water can be ascertained.

Story of One Who Escaped.

Mr. Brislin, one of the escaped miners at the bottom of the slope, said: "I was waiting at the bottom of the slope for a trip to come out. Suddenly I heard a loud noise and I thought it was the trip. Then a fearful blast of wind came and knocked me down the gangway. I cried out to James Griffiths. Then the wind blew his light out as suddenly as it did mine. I tried to run for the slope, but stumbled and fell. Then John Boyle and John Neems came running out. Neems' lamp was burning and through the aid of Neems' light we got to the slope. The water came pouring after us as we ran. We got to the slope and then the light went out. We clambered up as fast as we could, and the water came rushing after us, rising very quickly. In five minutes the water rose 208 yards to the mouth of the slope, the pitch of which is eighty-three degrees.

The List of Victims.

The lost are: Lawrence Reed, married, eight children; James Griffiths, married, one child; Edward Gallagher, married, two children; James Ward, married, eight children; Harry Bull, married, seven children; Joseph Matskowitch, married, four children; Barney McCloskey, single; Patrick Kelly, single; Jake Wiasto, single; Mike Smith, Hungarian; John Berno; Tom Glik, married, one child; Tom Tomaskaskay, married, three children; Joe Astro, single; Bosco Frinko, single; Thomas Greko, single; John Boyle, single; Samuel Porter, single.

Cured by Koch's Lymph.

St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 7.—Mr. W. A. Walters, chief clerk of the local freight office of the Iron Mountain railway, who entered the Missouri Pacific hospital Jan. 21, a consumptive, will leave that institution cured. All the known tests fail to reveal the slightest trace of consumption or tuberculosis of the lungs, and as far as medical experts are able to ascertain, Koch's lymph has performed the wonderful care. Walters was a consumptive for more than a year.

Thrown Out of Court.

Petoskey, Mich., Feb. 7.—The great suit which was to settle the dispute between the warring factions of the United Brethren denomination was thrown out of court Friday night, it being discovered that the church in this city was never legally incorporated. Expensive preparations had been made for two years for the trial and eminent lawyers from abroad were here to try the case. The battle will now be fought elsewhere.

Drawing a Pension Illegally.

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 7.—Catherine Egan, the widow of a New York soldier, confesses to having drawn a pension of $8 per month for twenty-two years after remarrying. John Ash, formerly city clerk of Alton, Ill., was her accomplice. They will both be sentenced in the United States court.

More Honors for Donoghue.

Newburgh, N. Y., Feb. 7—Joe Donoghue won the 440 yards, one mile, five mile, and ten-mile skating races here Saturday morning, breaking the five-mile record. Time of five miles, 15 minutes 38 seconds. Previous best record was 16 minutes 2 seconds.

Died at the Age of 102.

Louisville, Feb. 7.—Mrs. Rosanna Hughes, aged 102, died here late Friday night. She was the oldest woman in the city and was connected with the best families in Kentucky. She was for a long time a leader in the ante-bellum circles.

MAKING DIAMONDS GROW.

It Is Not Very Difficult if You Turn Them Over Often Enough with Profit.

"Look at this stone," said a young journeyman jeweler in a street car the other day, removing a tissue-paper wrapping from a piece of white wax, in the center of which a beautiful diamond blazed. "That is worth at the least $180."

"How is it that you can afford to buy such a valuable stone as that?" asked one of his friends who knew his circumstances."

"I will put you on to the snap," said the jeweler. "That stone has been growing for a year, and I think it has got its growth."

"What do you mean by a diamond growing?" asked the friend.

"I will tell you. You remember the little spark I had in my scarf pin Christmas. Well, this is what it has grown to in less than a year. That little stone cost me a dollar and the pin cost me $2.80. I sold the pin for $3, and bought an eight carat stone a little off shade for a trifle over $5. I bought a stud setting. You know you can get those things quite low now. They are made up by the thousands by firms which do not take finished goods. Well, I put the stone in the setting on a spiral and sold it the same week for $18. Then I went to the office and bought the best stone I could get for $15 and mounted that in the same manner. I wore it a month and then sold it for $30, and I put $25 into another stone. It was a little beauty, and I traded it for another one of about the same size, and got $5 to boot. That put the stone down to $20, and I put it into a setting which cost me $3, and sold it a few days later for $35. I got another stone for $30, and had it two months before I made a turn with it; then I cleared $12 and put the money into a beautiful stone, which brought me up to $60, when I sold it in a handsome stud setting.

"Then I got a chance to sell a ring for $75, and I made it to order, putting in a stone which cost me $42.50. I put the whole $75 into another stone, which I carried around for a while, and had fully made up my mind to keep, but a butcher offered me $100 for it and I sold it to him. It was in a crown setting, which cost me $6.25. For the hundred I got a dandy stone, and I was sure I could keep that one, but I have had four better ones since, and have got up to $180. I can't go much higher than that, I guess, for there are few men among my acquaintances who can afford to tempt me with a profitable offer for it. I wouldn't sell it to-night for $200, because I know that I have got a bargain. I'm a pretty good judge of diamonds, and when I put that stone into a nice ring I will make it look like $230 worth, and I don't think that anybody can persuade me to sell it for anything less. In all the changes I don't think that I have put in more than $16 or $18 of my pocket money. The rest has all been profit on the stones and settings."—New York Sun.

Making Butter in a Bottle.

I recollect a little butter which I once made, as seemingly the first and last occasion of my ever eating any, so good did it seem. An officer made me a miniature churn with a bottle and a little wooden dasher put through a cork.

We were at the time marching every day farther and farther into the wilderness, but occasionally came to a ranch where some venturesome frontiersman had established himself. Of course our people galloped on in advance, and soon brought out the madame. There was a little cream among other things, and as I sat under the tentfly after we made camp it was soon transferred into butter in the toy churn.—Mrs. Custer's Book.

The Seasick Tot.

Here is a veritable sea yarn of a lovely little 4-year-old girl. She was on board a steamer, the sea was high and the vessel rolled a good deal. "Mamma" was sick, brother and sister were sick, the poor nurse was thoroughly nauseated, and the 4-year-old did not feel well herself. She did not know why it was, but she persisted in walking, and she made the nurse walk, holding her hand until she was ready to drop. Finally the disgusted little one cried out, "Oh, Letty, let's go!" "Go where, my dear?" "Oh, go somewhere. I don't care where, if there is only a pavement."—Buffalo Commercial.

Secret of Saving Gas Bills.

For several months a Brooklyn man has been terrified by the size of his gas bills. He is a family man and enjoys a good income, but he does not tamely submit to swindling and extortion. Believing he was being robbed he complained to the company which supplies him, but it availed him nothing.

Still the bills were presented with unvarying regularity, and as the days shortened and the nights lengthened they became larger. Finally he grew desperate, but was still powerless. At last he found an unexpected ray of hope. It came in the shape of this advertisement in a newspaper, printed in big type:

"Reduce your gas bills over 75 per cent. Secret free by mail for only $2. Address ——, Cincinnati, O."

Eagerly the oppressed citizen sent on his money and anxiously he awaited the receipt of the secret which he felt would be the means of keeping hundreds of dollars in his pockets. In a few days the secret came. With trembling hands he tore open the envelope and extracted a card. On this he saw in big, black type, "Use kerosene oil." For a few days the citizen kept his secret, but at last his wife gave it away.—New York Herald.

RICHES IN THE CONGO.

ADVANTAGES OF THE FREE STATE AND ITS RESOURCES.

Stanley's Views on the Proposed Emigration of American Negroes—The Country Offers Many Opportunities for Amassing Wealth—Idlers Would Suffer.

Henry M. Stanley expressed his views to me on the emigration of the American negro to the Congo Free State, the opportunities that are there for him, and the development of that country.

"I am familiar," he said, "with the fact that Senator Butler, of South Carolina, made a proposition to the United States government that the American negroes be deported to the Congo Free State, but that is a matter that must be taken care of by the negroes themselves."

"What advantages would accrue to the negroes if they should emigrate to that country in large numbers?"

"The advantages would be many. There is any amount of land to be had for the asking; the laws are favorable and calculated to promote happiness and content; the climate for the negroes is comparatively healthy; the soil is fertile and the country new, so that the slightest cultivation cannot fail to be followed by the most gratifying results. In these facts lie the advantages that would follow for the emigrating negroes. Value at the same time must be given to the fact that they would become residents of their native land. Whites—that is, the Caucasian race—cannot colonize the Congo Free State.

"A white man while living in the Congo valley three years would expend ten years of vitality and the white woman could not retain health. The result of this would be children of puny frames and inferior intelligence. It would have the effect of forever keeping the Congo Free State in a condition of inconsequence among the nations of the world. With negroes forming the majority of its citizenship it would, with proper encouragement, make remarkable development and in time become a great nation."

FORWARD OR BACKWARD.

"Is there any possibility, if the American negro should go to Africa, that he would, because of contact with the savages, retrograde from a condition of civilization; or, on the contrary, would his presence there have a beneficial influence upon the growth of civilization among the natives?"

"That is very difficult to answer. The laws of the Congo Free State have been made with the thought of having a civilizing effect upon the savages. If the civilized blacks going into that country were developed morally, it is safe to say that their 'contact with the savages' would be happy. If, on the contrary, they were of degraded character, it would follow that they would deteriorate, practice polygamy, etc."

"What obstacles would they have to overcome before they would become thriving colonists?"

"No very great obstacles would present themselves. Sheep, goats and cattle are of prolific growth, and the rivers teem with fish, and to be successful it would only need that the colonists should show that kind of expression of industry that deserves success. The emigrant should remember, though, that he is going to a land where desirable results are to be secured only after toil, and that, while nature is lavish in her gifts, yet bread would have to be earned literally with the sweat of the brow."

"Would they have any share in the conduct of government, the making and the executing of laws, etc., or would the whites attempt to dominate them?"

"At present the Congo Free State's government is entirely in the hands of the whites, but in my opinion, I think if any black man proved his capacity he would receive all that any could expect. Governor Janson had a Lagos negro as his secretary and he was an able man. He enjoyed much power in the colony. No, it would only be a question of the best material."

OPPORTUNITIES.

"Would you advise the American negroes to go to the Congo Free State? In fact would you advise them to emigrate to any part of Africa?"

"This is a most delicate matter. I cannot advise the American negroes to go to the Congo Free State; it is a case where every individual must decide for himself. They should, however, not jump into something about which they have not been thoroughly advised. They should not forget that as colonists in the new country of Congo land they would not be settling down to repose in a bed of roses."

"Do you think that a commercial correspondence between this country and the Congo is a possibility?"

"Yes; the lethargy of American merchants in this connection is not only remarkable, but it is also deplorable. The Congo Valley offers every encouragement to commercial exploit. It is impossible to estimate the value of its products. For instance, rattan cane, which is growing scarce in the market, in Africa grows in unlimited quantities. Of course there have been many obstacles to prevent the development of the Congo Valley trade, the most important of which has been the cost of portage to place of shipment.

"A railway is now in course of construction, which, when completed, will remedy this evil, and those merchants who are now handicapped by the expense of transportation will reap the benefits that must come as the sequence of their being on the ground. Americans seem to be dead to these opportunities. They ought to be there now and cultivating trade, so that when the railroad is in operation to bring the interior nearer the coast they will be in a situation to reap a fair share of the profits that must follow. The American merchants, though, will probably hold back until too late, and not enter into commercial work in this direction until the cream of the trade has been gathered by other nations."—New York Telegram.

BRONCHITIS

Is an inflammation of the bronchial tubes—the air-passages leading into the lungs. Few other complaints are so prevalent, or call for more prompt and energetic action. As neglect or delay may result seriously, effective remedies should always be at hand. Apply at once a mustard poultice to the upper part of the chest, and, for internal treatment, take frequent doses of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

C. O. Lepper, Druggist, Fort Wayne, Ind., writes: "My little sister, four years of age, was so ill from bronchitis that we had almost given up hope of her recovery. Our family physician, a skilful man and of large experience, pronounced it useless to give her any more medicine, saying he had done all it was possible to do, and we must prepare for the worst. As a last resort, we determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and I can truly say, with most happy results. After taking a few doses she seemed to breathe easier, and, within a week, was out of danger. We continued giving the Pectoral until satisfied she was entirely well. This indisputable evidence of the great merit of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me unbounded confidence in the preparation, and I recommend it to my customers, knowing it cannot disappoint them."

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of a bad cough and my partner of bronchitis. I know of numerous cases in which this preparation has proved very beneficial in families of

Young Children,

so that the medicine is known among them as 'the consoler of the afflicted.'"—Jaime Rufus Vidal, San Cristobel, San Domingo.

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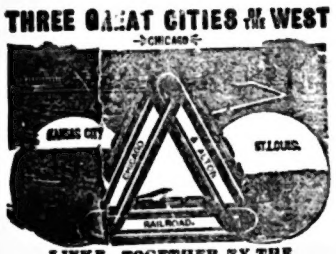

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Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 158 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

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Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 15th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D BSullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 451 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 852 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 383 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

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St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fols, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S, 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph P Bolden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 941 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringe, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Kollar, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jaequen, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

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Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 661 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S. Halsted-st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

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Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 358 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

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Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Feaney; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 101 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

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Dated Chicago, January 20, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF LUKE SINNON, ALIAS LOUIS SYNAN, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Luke Sinnon, alias Louis Synan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof. ISABELLA RYAN, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, January 13, 1891.
David Sullivan Attorney.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF JAMES KEHOE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of James Kehoe, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted, at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof. MARGARET KEHOE, Executrix of the last will and testament of James Kehoe, deceased.

Dated Chicago, January 7, 1891.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK —ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. December Term, A. D 1890 Edward Mackey vs. David Mackey. In Chancery. No. 87,740.

Notice is hereby given to the said David Mackey that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of February A. D. 1891, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.

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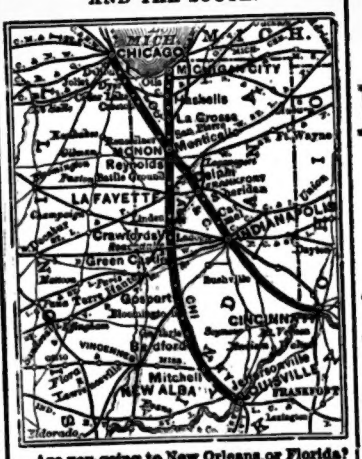

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